The Relief Society Magazine

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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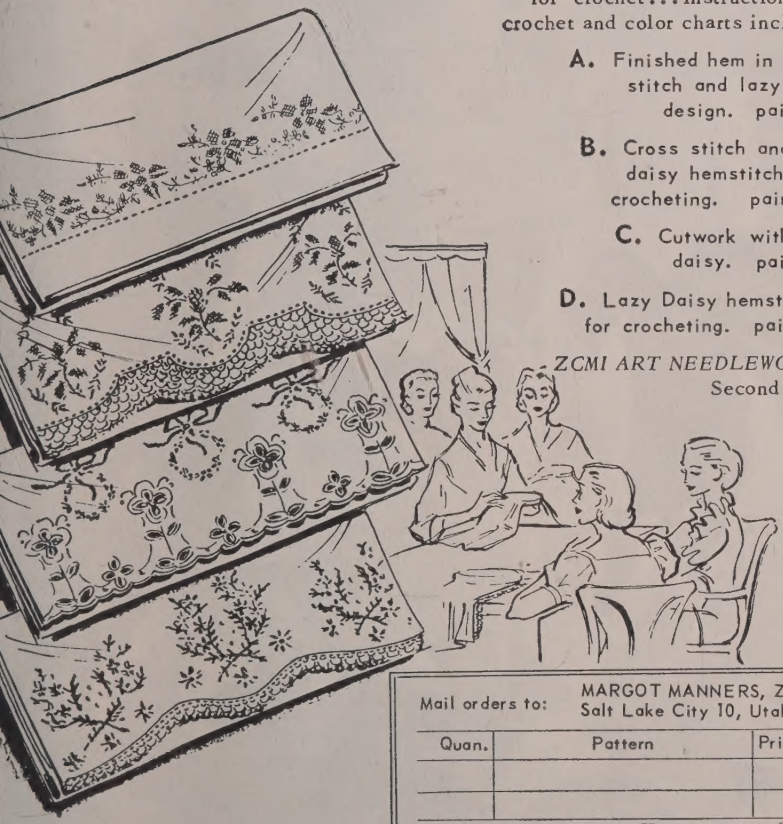

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To a Child Gardening

Maryhale Woolsey

Make smooth the bed in which the seed shall lie—
This small brown plot of earth that claims your toil;
Clear out the stones, and break the rough, hard clods,
And finely sift the dark and humid soil.
(Dream, child, of tall bright flowers, and the day
You'll take to Mother-dear a fine bouquet.)

Deep go the roots (and not the plant's alone!)
And lightward rise the questing leaf and stem,
Taking in turn, of soil and sun and rain,
The contributions growth demands from them.
(Watch, child; tend well—and learn, as seedlings grow
To blossomed strength, much you will need to know.)

Far stretch the days—to you, so endless-long!
Tall shining noons and phantom dreaming nights
Will try your patience, mystify your mind—
And bring at last your harvest of delights.
(Learn from your garden, child, how God and you
Co-operate to make a dream come true!)

The Cover: Big Ben and Parliament Square, London, England
Photograph submitted by Elaine Reiser

Frontispiece: Amaryllis, Photograph by Ward Linton

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

The Resurrection

Elder LeGrand Richards

Of the Council of The Twelve

OF all the blessings and privileges the gospel of Jesus Christ has to offer its faithful members, the promised resurrection from the dead is one of the greatest, for it opens the door to an eternal association with loved ones and friends, which condition we have the capacity to understand and appreciate at least in part.

Jesus was the greatest character who has ever lived upon the earth, for he was not only the Creator of this world, but of "worlds without number" (Moses 1:33), and he came into the world of his own free will and choice, and gave his life to atone for the sins of the world, so that what man lost through the transgression of Adam he might regain through Christ's great atoning sacrifice. Hence the words of the Apostle Paul: "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive" (I Cor. 15:22).

The angels proclaimed the birth of Jesus as Israel's promised Messiah; he demonstrated in all his teachings and the miracles he performed, that he was the Son of God, and that all power was given unto him in heaven and upon earth, even the power to lay down his life and take it up again (John 10:17-18). But the final proof of all his claims came when the stone was rolled away from the door of the sepulcher, notwithstanding the presence of the Roman guard, and his body came forth after three days, as he had said, and when the women approached the sepulcher and found the stone rolled away, and "found not the body of the Lord Jesus," they were much perplexed, and two men stood by them in shining garments and said: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."

When the women reported this experience unto the apostles "their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not." (See Luke 24:1-12.)

Even though Jesus had told his apostles that: "The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again" (Luke 24:7), they could hardly believe. How then could the world be expected to believe? "That we should live again is no more a miracle than that we live at all."

Upon receiving the report from the women, Peter "ran unto the sepulchre; and stooping down, he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was come to pass" (Luke 24:12).

As the apostles were gathered together:

> Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold

my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.

And when he had thus spoken, he shewed them his hands and his feet. And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat? And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. And he took it, and did eat before them (Luke 24:36-43).

Without his body of flesh and bone, Jesus would not have eaten the fish and honeycomb. What greater proof could he have given of his resurrection?

FOLLOWING his resurrection, Jesus "shewed himself alive after his passion *by many infallible proofs*, being seen of them forty days . . . ."

And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.

And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven (Acts 1:3, 9-11).

It seems incredible that, in the light of this plain and convincing evidence of his resurrection, "by many infallible proofs" lasting over a period of "forty days," that men should believe today that Jesus is a spirit or essence everywhere present, which would imply that he had died a second death, that his spirit and body were again separated, else how could he be now but a spirit?

It was in this glorified, resurrected body that Jesus appeared unto the Nephites in the land of America (See 3 Nephi 11), and unto Joseph Smith while he was but a boy, in the woods on his father's farm at Palmyra, New York.

To further prove that the resurrection would come to all men because Jesus was victor over death and the grave, the graves of many who slept were opened following his resurrection, and they came forth.

And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose.

And came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many (Mt. 27:52-53).

If the resurrection were to be but a spiritual resurrection, as some teach and believe, there would have been no need of the graves having been opened, and this account would not have stated: "and many bodies of the saints which slept arose." Thus the bodies and spirits were again united.

The Lord revealed unto the Prophet Joseph Smith that when the body and spirit are separated, they cannot receive a fulness of joy. "For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected, receive a fulness of joy; And when separated, man cannot receive a fulness of joy" (D. & C. 93:33-34).

There were also those who were resurrected among the Nephites in America, following Christ's resurrection (3 Nephi 23:9-13).

That is why Paul tells us that Christ was the "firstfruits" of the resurrection.

"But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they

that are Christ's at his coming" (I Cor. 15:23).

WE should mention his second coming to which the apostle Paul refers.

All through his earthly ministry, Jesus looked forward to, and taught his disciples of his second coming: his parable of the five wise and five foolish virgins. "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh" (Mt. 25:1-13).

His declaration:

> When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:
>
> And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats (Mt. 25:31-32).

His disciples fully understood from his teachings that he would come again. When "he sat upon the Mount of Olives," they "came unto him privately, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?" (Mt. 24:3).

Of course, they had reference to his second coming, for he was already with them. And while Jesus gave them many signs of his coming, he informed them:

> But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.
>
> But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be (Mt. 24:36-37).

Then we have his final testimony as he stood trial before the chief priests and elders:

> But Jesus held his peace. And the high priest answered and said unto him, I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God.
>
> Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said: nevertheless I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven (Mt. 26:63-64).

When John, the beloved apostle of our Lord, was banished upon the Isle of Patmos, the angel of the Lord showed him many things from before the foundation of the world to the winding up scenes when we would have a new heaven and a new earth, and among other things, he was shown the coming of the Savior according to his promise, and the resurrection of the worthy dead at his coming; when Satan would be bound for a thousand years:

> . . . and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.
>
> But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection.
>
> Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years (Rev. 20:4-6).

What a promised privilege to the faithful! Think of being associated with Christ in his ministry for a thousand years with our resurrected bodies, while he is overcoming all his enemies, and preparing his kingdom to be delivered unto his Father, as Paul explains:

Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power.

For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death (I Cor. 15:24-26).

IF we had the capacity to understand the magnitude of these promises, it would seem that none should falter, but that each would so live that he would be worthy to have part in the first resurrection, and that we would all do all in our power to help our loved ones and friends to live to be worthy of these blessings, remembering the words of our Savior:

". . . strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it" (Mt. 7:14).

Because, as the apostle Paul tells us:

But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned (I Cor. 2:14).

It is because the natural man cannot understand the things of God that we read such statements as this: In Senator Albert J. Beveridge's book, *The Young Man and the World*, the Senator quotes the following statement made to him by a man whose name is known to the railroad world as one of the ablest transportation men in the United States: "I would rather be sure that when a man dies he will live again with his conscious identity, than to have all the wealth of the United States, or to occupy any position of honor or power the world could possibly give."

Measured by this man's appraisal, how rich and favored we are, for this is common knowledge to a Latter-day Saint.

From a revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith, we read:

When the Savior shall appear we shall see him as he is. We shall see that he is a man like ourselves.

And that same sociality which exists among us here will exist among us there, only it will be coupled with eternal glory, which glory we do not now enjoy (D. & C. 130:1-2).

WE have never seen a person who has been clothed with "eternal glory," but the Prophet Joseph Smith described such a man, Moroni, who appeared to him. After giving a detailed description, he stated:

Not only was his robe exceedingly white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning. (See P. of G. P., Joseph Smith 2:30-32.)

When the angel of the Lord showed John the Revelator, while banished upon the Isle of Patmos, so many wonderful things, John was so impressed with his personage, for he had been endowed with "eternal glory," just as Moroni had, that he fell down to worship at the feet of the angel:

Then said he unto me, See thou do it not: for I am thy fellowservant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God (Rev. 22:9).

Thus this angel, and Moroni,

were real men of the brethren who had lived upon the earth, and had been resurrected, and were continuing in the service of the Lord, as we will all be privileged to do, if we are faithful; and the same "sociality" which exists among us here will exist among us then.

The Prophet Isaiah saw the time when we would have a new heaven and earth, and declared:

> For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind . . . and they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them.
>
> They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat; for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands.
>
> They shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them (Isaiah 65:17, 21-23).

Note how Isaiah makes plain the fact that "they shall build houses, and inhabit them, and they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them." Who shall do all this? Families, of course, just as they do now, for as Isaiah stated: "they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their *offspring* with them."

This is, therefore, a continuation of family organization after the resurrection, in this new world, a truth the Lord has made so plain through his revelations to the Prophet Joseph Smith, in this new gospel dispensation.

What a glorious day it will be, therefore, when the trump of God shall sound, if we are worthy to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, to receive and be united with our loved ones, when the graves are open and they come forth through the power of the atonement wrought for us by the Redeemer of the world (D. & C. 29:13).

Before Your Beauty

Christie Lund Coles

April, I stand bereft before your beauty,
Knowing my meager words can never capture
The prodigious, white beauty of this plum tree,
The air as delicate as unvoiced rapture;
The morning like a veil of marquisette,
Lifting to show a day all opal-hued;
The bird-song, rhythmic as a minuet;
The briefly, white-starred grasses, green-renewed;
For words are for the young and the audacious,
Those who believe all things are for the taking,
Time sets its seal, makes one more sagacious . . . .
Silence is in me, intricate and aching.
All I can bring you, world, after your sleeping,
Is this sudden trembling, and this weeping.

A Perry Picture

CHRIST AND "THE HOLY WOMEN"
From a Painting by Golz

Blessed Easter

Remelda Nielsen Gibson

He came forth from the tomb
With animated breath,
And proved that in earth's room
One sheds the cloak of death.

Symbolic now as then
Is resurrection's key—
All dead will rise again
To immortality!

The British Mission

Preston R. Nibley

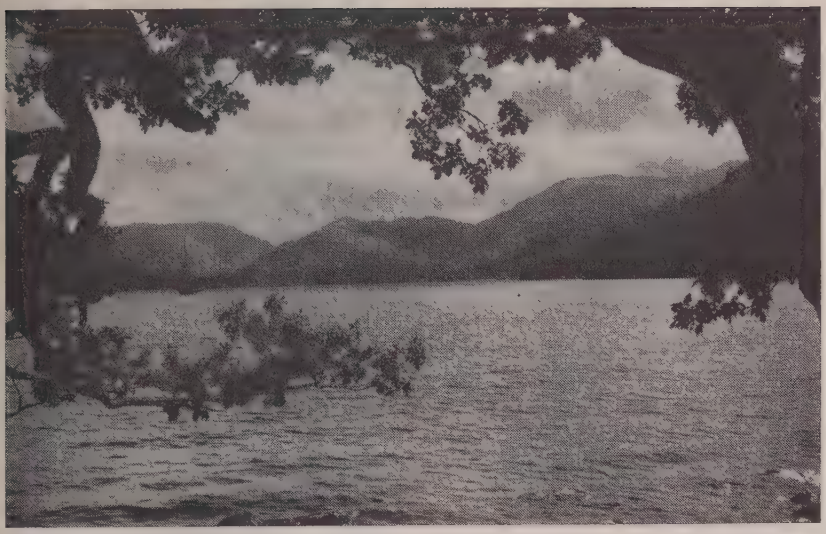
HEBER C. Kimball, a member of the first Quorum of the Twelve, wrote the following in his history:

> On Sunday, the 4th day of June, 1837, the Prophet Joseph came to me, while I was seated in front of the stand, above the sacrament table, on the Melchisedek side of the Temple in Kirtland, and whispering to me said: "Brother Heber, the spirit of the Lord has whispered to me; 'Let my servant Heber go to England and proclaim the gospel, and open the door of salvation to that nation'" (*Life of Heber C. Kimball*, by Orson F. Whitney, page 116).

The above event, it might be said, marks the beginning of the British Mission. Heber C. Kimball responded to this call and made his way to England, with six of his brethren who had volunteered to accompany him. These brethren were Orson Hyde, Willard Richards, Joseph Fielding, John Goodson, Isaac Russel, and John Snyder. They arrived in Liverpool on July 20, 1837. After remaining there a few days, they proceeded to Preston, where Elder Joseph Fielding's brother, Reverend James Fielding, was located. Reverend Fielding offered the missionaries an oppor-

Josef Muench

CLOVELLY ON THE NORTH DEVON COAST, ENGLAND



Josef Muench

ULLSWATER, IN THE LAKE DISTRICT, ENGLAND

tunity to speak in his chapel, and accordingly, they held three meetings. Within ten days after their arrival in Preston, they baptized eight persons who had been members of Reverend Fielding's congregation. These first converts were: George D. Watt, Charles Miller, Thomas Walmesley, Ann Elizabeth Walmesley, Miles Hodgen, George Wate, Henry Billsbury, Mary Ann Brown, and Ann Dawson.

The missionary work was soon extended to neighboring towns and cities in England, and before the close of the year 1837, the membership of the Church in the British Mission numbered over 300. The work has continued unabated since that time, and more than 130,000 converts have entered the waters of baptism in the century that has passed. England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland comprise the British Mission. There are today eighty-four branches of the Church with 9,239 members. Elder Clifton G. Kerr is now president of the British Mission. A site for a temple has been selected and dedicated by President David O. McKay, at New Chapel, twenty-four miles south of London. Eighty-one Relief Society organizations were reported in December 1955, with 1103 members. Irene Pack Kerr presides over the British Mission Relief Society.

A Full Hive

Dorothy Clapp Robinson

THE closing of the front door after Henry ripped the smile from Adrianne's face. She bit her lip, hard, but her back stiffened.

"He thought I believed him." No, each had made a pretense, she admitted, but each knew this for the thing it was. If anyone else had done it to her—but, Henry! No matter how kindly meant, the sting of his words would never leave her. Never. After all these years — at her age — most things she could take in her stride, but having *life* yanked from beneath her was not one of them. Not since Steve her husband had been so swiftly and unexpectedly snatched from her, had Adrianne known such bitter, cankering despair. She reviewed her recent talk with Henry.

"Has my work suffered?" She had tried for a light note but had not made it.

"You are not being let out, Adrianne." Henry Woodward's voice had trailed to a tired note. "Do you think this is easy for me?"

But she hadn't been thinking of him. "Then why are you doing it. I couldn't help breaking my ankle."

"Your accident has nothing to do with the situation. Believe me. I do appreciate the unselfish service you have given the company these many years." Service, indeed. She had created her position. "I am merely asking you to adjust to a new situation," Henry was continuing. "You can refuse, that is your privilege. We are getting older, and sharper minds and more nimble fingers are needed. I have turned the active management over to Ferris and I must—I am going along with his policy."

Still she was not thinking of Henry, nor of what the change must mean to him. "You say I am not being let out but . . . ."

"It had to come, Adrianne. Greta Hansen is good, really good. She has a foundation for the work that you and I do not have. She is up on the new methods. She will carry the responsibility you have carried for so long, but she will still have the benefit of your judgment and experience. That is, if you decide to stay with us."

But the new situation would not last long, Adrianne thought. She was being eased out for certain.

It was so unfair. She had started working for Henry Woodward when "Woodie's" had merely meant sign painting. She had helped make "Woods" one of the best advertising agencies in the state. She had put in many, many more hours and months than she had been paid for. During the depression, when Henry was fighting so hard to hold his business, she had taken her check when and as she could get it; and that was at a time when her own children were needing her more and more. Once she had even refused a larger salary from a competing company.

"Getting older. How old does he think I am?" The question trailed into silence. Henry knew to

a day how old she was. She and Alice, his wife, had been born the same day. He had given up active management under doctor's orders, but she was as good a worker as she had ever been, better in some ways. Fifteen—twelve, even ten years from now she might have expected this, but today—now! She would refuse to accept it. Work under Greta Hansen — never. She knew the merchandise and idiosyncrasies of each company they worked with. She knew the type of advertising copy they wanted—or did she?

"I made a mistake by going to Verna's last spring," Adrianne spoke aloud. It had given Greta her chance. She had brought in Whistlers, a much desired account. Perhaps, Adrianne admitted grudgingly, it had been the novelty of Greta's idea that had tipped the scales in favor of "Woods." Adrianne remembered that she had thought the idea too drastic.

But even had Adrianne known, she would still have gone to help Verna. What else would a mother do when her daughter was seriously ill? Henry had urged her to go, and Alice had come to the house and packed her bags, and had tried to allay her fears.

"Verna is young," Alice had said. As if youth meant everything; but Adrianne admitted that in Verna's case it had meant the power to win the battle.

Maybe, Adrianne thought, I should resign and save face.

BUT what of finances? If she went back, her salary would probably be a mere pittance compared with what she had been getting. Of course each of her boys had asked her to come live with him and Verna had asked, and really meant it. I'd make a wonderful baby-sitter and all-around flunky like so many grandmothers I know, Verna thought.

"Oh, forgive me," she whispered hurriedly. She loved her grandchildren devotedly and buying for them was the sweetest fruit of her earnings.

But how could she quit? Her savings, hoarded over the years, amounted to a pitifully inadequate sum for retirement. When the company had first begun to expand Henry had urged her to buy stock, and he had urged her many times since. She had bought some and had received some as bonuses but she had very little now. There had always been so many places for every dollar. Even with the help the boys gave as they grew up, it had been nip and tuck to keep ahead of expenses.

And after the boys were married there had been crises when her help was needed, Dan's medical schooling and Bill's long sickness and there had been a million lesser crises when she hadn't really needed to help, but had. The boys were repaying what they had borrowed, but it was slow business for they had the expenses of their own growing families. She could have bought less for her grandchildren, but she was always remembering how wonderful a little help would have been at that period in her own struggle.

Adrianne decided she might as well face it. She hadn't prepared for this day. There had always

been next year. Now next year was gone.

Determined to put the situation from her mind, Adrianne reached for the letter she had been writing when Henry had called. But it was no good.

IT might have been an hour or a year later when she was pulled from her despairing thoughts by the sound of running feet.

"May I come in?" The door had already opened and a bright head peeked through.

"Oh, Jeanne." It was not hard for Adrianne to smile. Just looking at Jeanne brought a smile. She was spring in person. Her skin and voice could belong only to joyous youth. What a sweet daughter she would make.

Jeanne held out a single daffodil on a long stem. "I had to bring it to you."

Adrianne's self-control could not keep her hand from trembling. Jeanne saw.

"Don't feel badly, Mrs. Carson." She threw her arms around Adrianne and kissed her. "We have all seen it coming, and are so relieved that you are not being let out like poor Olive. I heard Mr. Woodward being very emphatic about that." Jeanne was too young, too naive to dissemble, and she did not know how much she was telling. "I heard Big Boss Ferris say they were adjusting your salary instead of retiring you, and you can be sure of it until —until—well," she blurted, "think how wonderful it will be when you are sixty-five. My grandmother doesn't have a cent except what we give her."

The cankering came back, double strength. Jeanne's grandmother was in her late seventies, but to Jeanne all grandmothers were in the same class.

"It—it—is very kind, but I prefer staying with my work."

"Certainly, you do, darling, and that is one reason I love you. You haven't let down as most old women do. But the axe has fallen. Olive was let out and another one or two. You know Greta has your place? Isn't that terrible?"

Honor demanded that Adrianne be fair. "She will be good. She is a different generation, but she is very good and she will be fair."

"Oh, I don't know about that." Suddenly tears were running down Jeanne's cheeks. She dabbed at them with her handkerchief. "I came down here to cheer you, and just look at me. Greta might be good but you are—you're *real* good. You've—you've . . . ."

She didn't go on and a real smile welled up from Adrianne's heartache. Even the young had their problems, and to them they were so big. She had mothered Jeanne and given her extra help when she was learning. Greta was made of sterner stuff. She was too old for Jeanne's generation, and too young for a grandmother's.

"After all, Jeanne, you won't be working much longer."

"That's just it." Jeanne became slightly incoherent. "You see we—that is, Joe—well, we can't be married unless Joe gets a raise or I go on working. Apartments are just out of this world. Yes, I know what you think about my working," she added hastily, "but what else

can we do and it wouldn't be for long? With you there — well, you know I am a little slow especially if I am afraid. Just think, what if I should get married and then lose my job?"

"I'm sure it will work out. Go ahead and get married. You will meet the emergency if it comes."

"That would be a miracle. We have figured and we have prayed and we have looked, and we can't see any way out. But don't think that is the only reason I want you back. I've loved working with you." She rose reluctantly. "I must not be late."

"That was thoughtful of you to come, Jeanne. You have missed your lunch, and you will be starved by closing time."

"Think nothing of it. I might as well get accustomed to scanty rations. Besides, Joe is waiting to drive me back. I'll eat my sandwich on the way. Goodbye, darling." She stooped and gave Adrianne a soft kiss. As she went through the door she turned. "She's coming to see you after work. Don't let her get you down."

SO that was the purpose of Jeanne's visit. The real reason. She did not want Adrianne to be unprepared. Sweet child.

At length Adrianne hobbled to where her stationery box lay, but she made no effort to finish the letter she had been writing to Bill.

"What is the matter with me?" Adrianne mused. "If I can't adjust, I am really old." But she didn't think she was old. She *knew* she wasn't, in spite of Jeanne's gentle hints. She had several friends older than she who were secure in their positions.

Consciously she let her thoughts range back over the years. Life had demanded many adjustments of her, and some bitter ones. In her late twenties she had had to take up the life of a widow with four children to support. David her son had died at twelve. And she still chilled at the memory of the emptiness of her house when her last child had married. Four years ago Verna her daughter had moved to California, leaving her completely alone. Both boys were in the East. Now—now when she had nothing but her work, that, too, had been taken from her. It was like stealing honey bees had gathered and leaving them to face winter with an empty hive.

In desperation she turned to her book shelves. One volume after another was examined and discarded. She caressed her Bible, but it, too, was put back. Then a shabby old book caught her attention. It was the life of Madame Schumann-Heink. The great singer's courage and persistence had lifted Adrianne over many bad hours. She opened the book and, by some perverse chance, noticed a marked passage, "My art was the one thing that never failed me."

Nonsense. That was all right for a woman who wrote her own ticket. Just when *she* needed *her* art it had failed her most miserably. All her years of work and study had brought her—this.

She might sell, or rent her home. She and Steve had bought this place together. Through good years and lean ones she had kept up the payments. She had enlarged and mod-

ernized it. Now she owned it, and it was home to children and grandchildren. To part with it would be like—like . . . . Suddenly she dropped her head to her arm and wept as she had not wept in years.

THE pealing of the telephone brought her back from her problem. Let it ring. She would not talk to any one just now. She would not be pitied. It rang again, and again, insistently. Gingerly she raised the receiver. "Yes?"

"Is this 32-435?"

Long Distance. Fear shoved self-pity aside. "Yes. Yes. This is 32-435."

"Is this—is this Grandmother?" The humor in the operator's voice failed to cut through the fear. Adrianne held her breath. "Here is your party. Go ahead."

"Hello-hello."

"Grandmother," came a plaintive voice over the wire.

"Steve." With one gasp Adrianne bridged seven hundred miles and a thousand worries. "Steve. Where are you? What is wrong?"

"Grandmother, where's Mama?"

Adrianne fought an impulse to hysteria.

"Grandmother, where's Mama?"

"Isn't she there, Steve?"

"No, and Grandma, may I go to Rusty's? Mama said not to go without asking."

"Why don't you wait until your mother gets home?"

"Why? I want to go now. May I?"

Adrianne glanced briefly at her watch. Today was Tuesday. "Steve, did Mama go to Relief Society?"

"I don't know, but may I go? She won't mind, if you say so."

Suddenly there was nothing in the world as important as this decision. It must be the right one. But Steve wanted an answer.

"How did you know my number?" she asked, playing for time. She remembered the operator had asked if this were "Grandmother."

"I always knowed it." Disgust tinged his impatience. "Rusty is waiting. Can I go?"

There had to be a direct answer. "Yes, Steve, if you will . . . ."

"Thanks. Goodbye." She heard the receiver drop and the banging of a screen door. She waited, hoping. It would not help to hang up and call back. Again she heard the closing of a door and someone moving about.

"Who left the receiver down?" It was Verna's voice.

"Verna. Verna, wait . . . ."

Verna must have heard. "Is someone on the line?" she asked.

"Yes. Yes, it is Mother. Don't hang up."

"MOTHER! What happened? Is something wrong?" The very words she had used for Steven and in the same tone. All the tension of this horrible day dissolved into nothingness at the anxiety in her daughter's voice. Adrianne laughed and cried and strangled over words.

"Mother. For goodness sake. Tell me what happened."

"Well—I thought my honey had been stolen, but the hive is full after all."

There was an ominous silence, then, "If you don't tell me this instant . . . ."

"Nothing is wrong, dear. Everything is right, but I didn't recognize how right until I heard Steve's voice. You see, if you want honey, you have to take the sting of the bees along with it."

"Is that what you called up to say? You're not slightly out of your head, are you?"

"No. I told you I am all right. Steve called me." She could hear the sigh of relief that followed her normal tone. "He wanted to go to Rusty's. How did he know my number? He apparently didn't know my last name."

Verna was indignant. "They all know your number, Mother. That is one of the first things they learn." Then Verna chuckled. "Such a goofy conversation. He must have frightened you as much as you did me. I was beginning to wonder." In spite of its lightness, the tone was definitely one of mother to child.

"Don't worry. I am still of sound body and mind—and spirit, but I'm," Adrianne swallowed hard. "I find I am not as young as I once was. I'm—I'm stepping down a grade or two at the office. The tension won't be so—that is, my work will be more or less routine. Nothing to keep me awake nights."

"Mother, really? That is the best news you could have given me. We have all worried about your carrying such a load; and if you need help you . . . ."

"I'll get by. Maybe, just maybe Jeanne and Joe will move in with me."

"What a relief that would be to know you are not alone, and it will help with your expenses. That house is large enough for two families *and* privacy. But remember, Ted has finished our apartment, and it will be waiting, if and when you decide to use it."

Afterward Adrianne sat thinking. She was definitely committed and she was glad. This way she could go on working for a long time yet. The book of Schumann-Heink was still on the table.

"You were right," she said aloud. "Art doesn't let you down. My real art, and it isn't advertising copy, will never let me down. Steve's call proved that."

Lift Your Eyes

Mabel Law Atkinson

With eyes downcast in grief and doubt,
Slowly I walked a country lane.
I failed to hear the joyous shout
Of springtime after April rain—
A violet in the greening sod
Whispered, "Lift your eyes to God."

The very greenness whistled then;
My ears received the robin's call;
My thoughts escaped their stagnant fen
To hear a laughing waterfall—
My heart held room for no regrets
Weaving a lei of violets.

Relief Society Assists in Welfare Program for Marysville - Yuba City Flood

Alice I. Ferrin

President, Gridley Stake (California) Relief Society

ON Christmas Eve, many of the saints in the Gridley Stake left their radios turned on until very late, dreading what seemed imminent, and deeply concerned over the flood threat in the Marysville-Yuba City area. When the levee of the Feather River did break, our thoughts were of the many saints who were having to flee from their homes at two A.M. on December 24, 1955, before a wall of onrushing muddy water.

A very few hours later the Relief Society received a call to work with the stake storehouse keeper and the stake work director in preparing a list of welfare items which would be needed for these people.

Many who left their homes were able to take only the clothes they wore because of lack of time and car space. A former stake board member said, "We barely had time to dash over and get our eighty-year-old neighbor who lives alone. We could hear the roar of the water as we hastily drove south to Roseville where we have relatives. When we next saw our house, it had been washed out in the orchard."

Immediately after the order for commodities had been completed, the help of the Relief Society was requested in compiling a questionnaire to be used in survey work to determine what kind and how much assistance would be needed in the stricken area. Besides questions to determine needs, available services were also indicated. These (besides a labor pool) included thirty washing machines and driers made available in Gridley (nineteen miles away). Often the articles to be washed had first to be cleansed of mud with a garden hose and, in some cases, linens had mud stains even after careful and thorough washings. These washers were kept running for hours and hours as it was important that things be washed before the mud dried on them. Also available was a forced air furnace obtained from a dehydrating plant which was set up in the Yuba City recreation hall to dry out appliance motors, mattresses, and rugs.

The following day Relief Society presidents and bishops were instructed to call for volunteer workers from each ward to go to Yuba City to assist in survey work and clean-up operations.

Lists of all the families in the two Yuba City wards were compiled from ward teaching records. Each sister, from other than the Yuba City wards, was sent out with a Yuba City sister who was familiar with the area. Armed with lists of families in their "districts" and questionnaire blanks to be filled out for each family, these teams

launched a systematic effort to help these people to bring order and cleanliness out of chaos and mud.

The families were asked how many people they could use in cleaning, and were instructed as to washing and drying services available. They were encouraged to go to the chapel and have a "conference" with the Relief Society presidents or bishops as to their needs for Welfare items of food, clothing, household supplies, and furniture from the source of supply at the Gridley Ward chapel. The stake Relief Society work director and Gridley Ward president and other tireless workers assisted the stake storehouse keeper in taking care of the bishop's orders. As fast as orders came in they were filled from the generous amount of supplies sent from the General Welfare Committee in Salt Lake City and taken to Yuba City for distribution.

Periodically, survey teams returned to the chapel where the questionnaire reports were given to those in charge of dispatching the brothers and sisters who were waiting the chance to help their neighbors make homes livable again.

AN example of the reaction to this "labor of love" was Sister Esther Peters of the Relief Society stake presidency. She was so sure she would "be back in her home to prepare breakfast" that no one made any effort to take more than "what we stood up in." It developed that their home was in the swiftest, deepest part of the current of the rampant river and was completely covered—with the exception of the very peak of the roof. The first

RELIEF SOCIETY WOMEN INSPECTING CLOTHING FOR FAMILIES OF FLOOD VICTIMS

time Sister Peters saw her home after the devastation a veritable beehive of people were busily scraping and cleaning and scooping out mud. As she walked in they looked at her questioningly. She said, "I'm just the owner." Immediately they told her she was to look at one room only, the one which had been scrubbed clean, and she was forthwith piloted to that room.

Sister Peters voiced the opinion of many many in the Gridley Stake when she said this experience had helped her to realize how significant are the functions of the Welfare Plan in the lives of all, how great the security it offers, with its well-stocked storehouse for this huge family which is the organization of our Father's children here on earth.

The response to calls for cleanup crews was beyond expectations. Not only were there workers from all wards in the stake, but workers (men and women) came from wards in other stakes throughout Northern California. Finally, when there were more workers than "jobs," those in charge sent crews out to *find* clean-up jobs. These crews went from house to house cleaning homes and places of business of members and non-members alike.

One store was so grateful for the volunteer laborers that, in return, they were given about seventy bolts of water-and-mud-damaged yardage. This was sent to a ward to be washed and ironed. The Relief Society inquired the cost of having it mangled at a laundry, and they volunteered to do it all for nothing, if none of it was to be sold. As a result of this project, many

RELIEF SOCIETY WORKERS SORTING CLOTHING FOR FAMILIES

families were given yardage to help out where incomes were barely adequate. People in the flooded area received more than half of the 1100 yards.

In cases where sewing machines were out of order or mothers were deeply involved in rehabilitation, the sisters from other wards volunteered to sew some of the yardage into clothing. (The sisters seemed glad for a sewing assignment.) When they were asked at Relief Society to do the sewing, there were more volunteers than assignments.

The stake Relief Society work director reported another phase of the sisters in "Relief" action. A call was made for good, used clothing to help the disaster stricken families, and the response was such that rooms were set up in Gridley and

Yuba City wards with hanging bars and tables. The clothing was sorted, sized, and made available in an orderly way. Many of the families who lost everything were able to use much that was there.

IN every aspect of this experience—survey, cleanup, reclaiming of yardage, sewing assignments, donation, and dispersal of used clothing, and, most of all, in the Welfare commodities from Salt Lake City—the response has been more than adequate.

Our love and concern for each other have increased, and we are humbly grateful for these and all blessings.

The task of rehabilitation is not over and we are still engaged in it. To date records show that 161 sisters have worked 2,971 hours. Although more than six weeks have elapsed, it has been in the past week only that water has receded sufficiently to allow some people to get back to their homes. People are still conscious of need and are responding. In many homes there is still much to be done when the task of drying them out is completed. Unless damage is seen, one can't realize the waste, spoilage, and havoc which follow in the wake of such a disaster. Veneered surface of furniture warps off in two inch high waves. Dresser drawers swell and warp beyond repair.

People exhibited fine spirits. Everywhere was cheerfulness and gratitude that things were no worse. People were heard to say how fortunate they were because their houses had not cracked off their foundations, or hadn't been wrenched askew, or hadn't floated off entirely—as some did. Even the tragic drowning of the bishop's counselor and his wife and two children, while it was a great shock to their immediate families, was recognized as the will of our Heavenly Father. The blessing that they were still all together was remarked.

Words can't express the feeling engendered in the midst of depressing disaster at the sight of the rooms full of commodities to relieve the needs of these our sisters and brothers. Our testimony as to the value and effectiveness of the Welfare Plan have increased many times over. We are very grateful to an all-wise Heavenly Father who, through inspired leaders, has established this guarantee of security for all.

INFORMATION SHEET

Name..... Address..... Ward.....

1. Has this home been cleaned out? Roughly by men? Completed by Relief Society?
2. Does the family have all the basic food supplies?
3. Do they have adequate clothing? Clothing available through Relief Society.
4. Are they comfortably housed? Where? Do they need a house to rent?
5. Has their clothing been washed and dried? (Suggest no ironing or starch)
6. Has the furniture been checked and cleaned?
7. Appliances checked? Washing Machine? Refrigerator? Deep Freeze?
8. Carpentry repair needed? Painting needed? Foundation work needed?
9. Final clean up, yards, fences, etc.?

Everyone should contact their bishop and check in at the Church.

Checking team .....

Other suggestions and helps? Date .....

To You, Beloved

Lois E. Fockner

"THERE is one thing I am sure of, Mama," Laurie said bitterly, "I will never work at this endless drudgery as you do—never!"

"Did you get in all the clothes?" Vivian asked. She felt vaguely hurt by her daughter's thrust. In fact, as a mother she had felt on the defensive for several months. Laurie didn't approve of anything. She seemed to be disappointed in her parents and disapproved of them constantly. Why did a dear, curly-haired little girl suddenly become a stranger when she reached fifteen? Well, Vivian felt she did the best she could as a mother, and Laurie would just have to get over it.

Laurie came in with a basket of clean clothes and carried them into the old back-porch laundry. Her usually pleasant little face was petulant. In a moment she came back into the kitchen, her gray eyes still stormy and rebellious. Vivian smiled involuntarily. Laurie looked so like Ken when she was angry. Maybe Ken would understand this bitterness in his daughter. But she hated to disturb him.

"Would you set the table, Laurie?" Vivian peeked into the oven to check the scalloped potatoes. Little Keith would be delighted. How he loved scalloped potatoes with ham leftovers.

Laurie began dutifully to set the table. "I'm going to marry someone interesting — who cares about me!" She spoke vehemently. The plates clattered for emphasis. "I want to be more than just — just a mother to a lot of babies. More than just a housekeeper."

Vivian started to scold and sighed instead. It must be a phase. She wished she could feel more at ease — understanding, instead of hurt and defensive. Didn't children realize that mothers can be sensitive? She felt Laurie's critical gaze and glanced down at her faded housedress. Ken would be home soon. He would take off his coat and tie, roll up his shirt sleeves, kiss her absently, and reach for the paper. She probably should make more of an effort to be attractive, but where would she find the time? How could she make Laurie understand that some things in life become so important that they crowd other things into the background.

"Laurie, you know . . . ." Vivian groped for words. "You know, dear, it isn't drudgery. You love the babies when they come."

"Oh, yes!" Laurie put her hand on her hip and arched her eyebrows. "Everyone loves the babies, but how much time does it leave you? How long has it been since you have done anything that was fun or exciting? How long has it been since you have had a really nice dress? Or your hair fixed?"

"Too long," agreed Vivian, smoothing her hair self-consciously. "But Daddy seems to like my hair the way I fix it."

"Daddy," said Laurie decidedly, "hardly knows you exist. He doesn't even look at you most of the time. That is what I mean . . . ." Her voice broke, and the tears came.

She stopped, perplexed at her mother's look. "I'll run down to the grocery and get those things, Mama."

Vivian was stunned. Now she understood, and with quick mother's sympathy, she wanted to take her little girl in her arms. But Laurie was gone before she recovered her composure. Vivian watched her hurrying down the street, too tall and thin for fifteen, but showing the beginning of a lovely woman. She couldn't keep the tears back. Oh, Ken, she thought, how hard it is to grow — to make life fit into our dreams. Laurie doesn't know how we care. She doesn't think you love me anymore.

Well, that was the answer. Poor little Laurie! Her mind was full of all the beautiful, romantic dreams that girls enjoy. And she couldn't reconcile love with marriage, as she saw it everyday. Vivian wiped her tears away with strong resolution. She would tell Ken this very evening, and they would have to help Laurie to understand the real depth of their love and marriage. And they would have to be more demonstrative in front of the children. They needed to know that their mother and father loved each other. It was a pattern and a security for them.

The younger children began to run in noisily from their play — dirty and happy. Vivian fought down her worrying and, ignoring her weariness, forced herself to smile and be playful with them.

"All right, soldiers! Into line. Forward march! Wash your hands and faces. Hurry! Daddy will be home in a minute."

She stood for a moment and watched them troop merrily into the bathroom. Ken was proud of his four little sons, three little daughters, and Laurie. Every meal was a party with so many children. Then she remembered the rolls and hurriedly popped them into the oven, hoping they would be ready in time.

"Oh, there is the baby!" They were always noisy, and now they had awakened him. Vivian stood still, rubbing her hand across her forehead, gathering reserve strength. Laurie was coming in the door now. Maybe she would see about the baby. And there was the front door. That would be Ken . . . .

THREE hours later, unbelievably, quiet reigned. The children were all in bed, except Laurie, who had gone to a movie. Ken was reading the paper in his special easy chair. Vivian smiled as she watched him absently pass his hand over his thin hair. She would hurry and finish cutting out the dress for Barbara, and then she would tell him. She tried to think just how she would explain it.

"Come sit down, dear," Ken said suddenly, laying aside the paper. "You never stop. No wonder you are so thin."

Vivian, startled, began taking the pins out of her mouth so she could answer him.

"Didn't your mother ever teach you not to put pins in your mouth?" her husband laughed.

"She did," replied Vivian, "but I guess I didn't hear very well."

"You are a very disobedient woman, and you were probably a disobedient child." Ken came over to

help her fold the material and dress pattern. "But I love you anyway." His eyes were warm and tender.

Vivian kissed him impuslively. "Ken, I wish Laurie . . . ."

"What about Laurie?"

"Well, she has been very upset. Critical and bad-tempered. I can't understand. It—it isn't like her, you know."

"Maybe she is sick."

"No, dear, I found out today. She—well, she thinks you don't love me anymore. She feels that a woman's lot with a big family is just drudgery."

"There is nothing strange about that, the way you have to work. If I could afford . . . ." Ken frowned helplessly.

"Now, don't worry about that. It isn't the real problem. She doesn't feel there is any love or romance left in our marriage. It isn't the work or the babies. Laurie didn't mind them before."

Ken smiled boyishly and a little embarrassed. "I never would have believed that I would be one to disillusion my own daughter."

"Not as a father," Vivian hastily reassured him, "as a romantic husband. I think we are both at fault, dear. Because we have felt a little shy and reticent in front of our children, they have come to feel that we are indifferent."

"Well, we will have to show Laurie her mistake," said Ken.

And Vivian sighed with relief. It had been so much easier than she had expected.

Because their sixteenth wedding anniversary was only two weeks away, they decided to use that happy occasion to help restore Laurie's faith in marriage. Vivian spent many happy days in preparation and shopping for just the right fishing rod for Ken. She took the children into her confidence and there was a great deal of excited whispering after they had helped her safely bestow the treasured gift in the dark confines of the little boys' closet upstairs. There was a singing in her heart as she anticipated his pleasure when he unwrapped his gift. Laurie had taken some interest, but the critical and caustic remarks were still present, eroding the domestic happiness of the whole family.

VIVIAN did not know what Ken had planned, but she felt a little disappointed that he had not taken the children into his confidence as she had done. He only smiled secretively and went about his affairs with a smug happiness.

On the morning of the anniversary Vivian came to breakfast in a frilly brunch coat, an anniversary gift of two years ago. She had only worn it twice, when she had been ill, and she put on her new pink lipstick, carefully. Ken whistled when he saw her, and all the children laughed with pleasure, except Laurie who flushed and looked uncomfortable.

When Ken was off to work and the children out to play, Vivian dressed in her newest housedress and cleaned the house. Laurie helped, walking about quiet and morose all morning. By the time lunch was over and the little ones napping and the larger ones out to play again, Vivian was tired. She sat down limply in the kitchen,

staring at the gigantic pile of dirty dishes in the sink. Laurie came in with some flowers and arranged them tastefully in the living room.

"Thank you, Laurie," Vivian said. "Those will be lovely for our anniversary dinner tonight."

"Mama," Laurie began hesitantly, "I told Bryce I didn't think I wanted to go with him anymore." At Vivian's disapproving look, she added hastily, defensively, "I didn't think it was fair, since I have decided on a very exciting career and may never marry. Unless it were someone really different, and . . . ." She stopped, groping for words.

"It seems a little early to worry about marriage," Vivian answered. "I mean, couldn't you just go out on dates — not always with Bryce, perhaps."

"Don't you like Bryce, Mama?" Laurie swung around to face Vivian, wide-eyed and questioning.

"I think he is the nicest boy you know," said Vivian sincerely. "But I don't imagine he is thinking about marriage—at his age."

"Bryce is eighteen, Mama," Laurie said with a little toss of her golden head. "He—he thinks he would like us to get married when he is through college."

"Oh." Vivian struggled to keep the smile back.

"But I told Bryce last night that I felt I just wasn't the type for an ordinary marriage." She stressed the *ordinary*, and Vivian winced. Over her shoulder, before she disappeared upstairs, she added, "If Daddy will take you out tonight, Mama, I will baby-sit. I'm going to do the upstairs now."

Vivian was momentarily depressed, but the thought of spending an evening out, soon revived her spirits, and she attacked the mountain of dishes and pots and pans with enthusiasm. She could hardly wait to tell Ken.

That evening they sat down to their elaborate dinner with hushed expectancy, for two of the boys were laboriously bringing Ken's gift down from its upstairs hiding place. At last they arrived, amid suppressed giggles and sighs.

Upon its presentation, Ken was rapturous. "Say, that is just what I have wanted all year, and just in time for our camping trip next month, too." He gave Vivian an affectionate kiss, and the children were ecstatic. Even Laurie smiled.

"I am going to give your mother's gift to her after we eat dinner," laughed Ken. "It is so beautiful I am afraid she would be too excited to eat."

SO the delightful anxiety lasted all through the dinner, and Laurie began to laugh and to guess with the others. Vivian sat misty-eyed through the whole meal, thankful for her husband and her eight lovely children — even loving the old house, with all its inconveniences tonight, because her grandmother had reared her children here — because it had known so much love.

Ken made a great ceremony out of her gift presentation and Vivian sat down in her armchair, with all the children circled about her on the floor. It was beautifully wrapped, and had the little envelope attached that Vivian knew so well. She opened the gift first.

Everyone gasped as she withdrew

the gleaming necklace from its velvet box.

"It's exquisite!" exclaimed Laurie, her hands clasped together.

Vivian's heart was too full to let her speak — to let Ken know it was too expensive, too beautiful for her. And how she loved it. She reached out to squeeze his hand and he kissed her. Then, carefully, with trembling fingers, she opened the little envelope. She began to read the sixteenth beautiful sonnet that Ken had written to her.

"To you, beloved . . . ." Vivian couldn't read it aloud. She read it through quietly, the tears blinding her. The younger children were still admiring the necklace. Only Laurie stood expectant, longing . . . .

"Laurie, put this card away — with the others. There is a little blue box tied with satin ribbon in the bottom drawer of my vanity."

Ken looked at her, strangely, and then with understanding warming in his eyes.

"Thank you, darling," Vivian said at last.

"Hurry and get ready for our date, Mama," he whispered.

Vivian had so much help getting ready she wondered if she would ever be dressed. But, *at last*, she was, and the necklace made even the old black dress look lovely. As Barbara hurried downstairs to see about the baby, Vivian realized that she had made herself into more of a drudge than was necessary. They love to make us happy, too, if we will let them, she thought, remembering how kind Laurie had been, how cheerful the others about Mommy's date.

The door opened and closed quietly. Laurie stood against the bedroom door, tall and straight. She cleared her throat, and Vivian turned from the mirror.

"I—I read them all, Mama. I hope you don't care."

When Vivian smiled, she continued, with wonder in her voice and her eyes shining, "A poem for every year, Mama. Do you suppose anyone will ever love me . . . like that?"

Vivian reached impulsively for the hand of her growing-up daughter. They both knew that in Laurie's heart something new and beautiful had been born.

Springtime Finds the Canyon

Evelyn Fjeldsted

On the waiting fields still lie
The graying, tattered sheets of snow,
And springtime walks between the shreds,
Where winter slept a month ago.
Then exultantly spring pirouettes
Through the canyon's still domain,
Spreading counterpanes of green,
Under tinsel nets of rain.
Searching there, it finds new melodies,
Deep in solitude for themes
To play on keyboards, improvised
To waken earth from winter dreams.

A Temple Will Be Built

Mabel L. Anderson

"HERE we will build a temple to our God" — those words spoken by a prophet so long ago, came solemnly to my mind as I stood on the sacred ground of Newchapel in Surrey, England.

The one "must" on my trip to the British Isles had been to see the temple site. Following the directions of an elder at the Church headquarters on Nightingale Lane in London, we boarded a comfortable British coach just a few steps from the Church door.

In planning the things to see and the places to go, I had studied maps of every county and part of England. But how colorless a road map can be! Just a line to try to tell of those lovely British roads that amble through the countryside as though they, too, were enjoying the delightful and varied scenery through which they were passing, making a turn to avoid a cottage garden or to show one a particularly attractive view of rolling pastures and sylvan glades; just a dot to indicate a picturesque old town or quaint village, or an ancient castle or the spires of a grand cathedral.

A few minutes ride took us through some of the busy environs of London, then out into the peaceful country, with its soft landscapes, having a pastoral charm of its own, historical as it is beautiful. Through this lovely countryside marched the invaders of Britain from before Julius Caesar's time up to the time of William the Conqueror — Romans, Danes, and Normans, and the whole area abounds in many well-preserved monuments of those days.

Not quite an hour's ride brought us to the crossroads of the London-Lingfield road, where we stopped. A few steps took us to one of the most beautiful spots it has been my privilege to see. Here, in this unspoiled English countryside, the cornerstone will soon be laid for the building of the first temple in England — that "tight little island," as Shakespeare said, "bound in with the triumphant sea," that has furnished so many stalwarts to our Church, just 118 years after the gospel was first brought there.

A little pond just outside the high board fence first attracted my eye and my camera. Here, among pond lilies, a mother duck and her little ducklings were having a swim. Around the grassy fringe of the pond were flowers and shrubs, while in the background were magnificent trees and the lichened tile roof of the mansion.

A gate admitted us to the grounds of the estate at Newchapel. It was such a calm and lovely spot. First, the manor house built in the dignity of Elizabethan half-timbered style. This gracious mansion, set amid rolling acres and mellow parkland, is something which will long remain in the memory of those of us who cherish our visit there.

Missionaries stationed at Newchapel took us through this stately house, with its richly paneled walls and parquetry floors.

Mabel L. Anderson

NEWCHAPEL, SURREY, ENGLAND
As it is approached from the road

We first entered a large hall which had a beautiful stairway leading to the balcony and floors above. At one side, a drawing room with a small gallery, we were told, would undoubtedly be the chapel for the branch; then through the library, dining rooms, various sitting rooms, kitchens, and butlers' pantries; upstairs to the many bedrooms, and bathrooms (some so large they even had fireplaces in them). The Old-World charm and gracious character of this house made me think of some words of Charles Lamb:

> I do not know a pleasure more affecting than to range at will over the deserted apartments of some fine old family mansion. The traces of extinct grandeur admit of a better passion than envy, and contemplations on the great and good whom we fancy in succession to have been its inhabitants, weave for us illusions incompatible with the battles of modern occupancy.

And it is certainly true that the storied history of Britain is largely written on the mellow walls of its country houses, for in them many important events have taken place; within their walls have gathered many people who have walked the pages of history. And, as I wandered from room to room, I, for one, was grateful that this house would be preserved.

FROM the windows of the second and third floors we had a good view of the lovely grounds that stretched far in the distance. Thirty-four acres, we were told, comprise the estate. Back of the house was a large carriage house now being used as headquarters of the English geneological department of the Church.

The house is surrounded by extensive and venerable lawns, parklands, and fine trees, orchards, pad-

docks, and farms in the distance. Glorious masses of rhododendron in shades of rose and purple were breath-taking in their beauty. The rain had just stopped, and the shimmering silk of the leaves was such a lush and verdant green it seemed the Master Painter must have just finished the painting. Abundant, brilliant, sweet-smelling flowers made the air heady with their perfume, and gave more color to the scene. Among the clipped yew and boxwood hedges we wandered to the tennis court, near which, we were told, was the spot which had been dedicated for the building of the temple. We felt we were indeed walking on holy ground. The whole place gave one a feeling of peace and serenity that has a special appeal to those who live in this age when serenity is so rare. In the quiet walks around the grounds one could indeed feel that here he might really "be still and know that I am God."

Nowhere else, that I know of, is it so easy to obtain the illusion of isolation as in those deep cool paths and among the luxuriant sea of foliage of that tranquil countryside, only about thirty miles from London. Newchapel is in the southeast corner of Surrey, near to the pretty village of Lingfield, and just a few miles from the busy market town of East Grinstead, itself a blend of the old and new, with an interesting history, many old traditions, and rich in seventeenth-century-timbered houses. In the vicinity are quaint villages and modern suburbs where charming cottages flaunt gay front gardens, typically British. Across this region, many centuries ago, there existed a great forest, now gone except for bits of it remaining in the lovely small woods, and evident in the stately trees seen everywhere. How well the leaders of our Church chose the location to build a house of the Lord!

Next time I go to England, I shall again take the road leading south from London to the sea, and there at Newchapel, I hope to thrill at the stately spires of a Latter-day Saint temple silhouetted against an English sky.

Now Spring

Dorothy J. Roberts

Snow's fraying cerements have lost their strength;
Now spring disturbs the linens and the leveled girth
Of land revives to shrug the winter from its length.
Greens, innumerable, will range the loosened earth,
Will creep or burst in ray or tower, crown
Or shock, into returning sun. Life will leap
Forth million-formed to cry the season down
That marked the world as won with *snow, death, sleep.*

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, April 1, and April 15, 1896

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

A GOLDEN WEDDING: At the foot of a gigantic mountain lies the pastoral village of Pleasant Grove, which now numbers among its inhabitants two of our aged pioneers. One of these, Brother Hanson Walker, who with others pioneered the way to this barren waste and has assisted to make it the Utah of today, celebrated his Golden Wedding on Friday, April 10th. His children and his children's children poured in upon him and his good wife Elizabeth; they have lived happily together for fifty years . . . . Among the guests present was the mother of Sister Walker, Sister Margaret Foutz, who has reached the advanced age of ninety-five years and is still quite active.

LEONA

Leona, look forth and behold
From headland, from hillside and deep,
The day-king surrenders his banners of gold
And twilight advances through woodland and wold
And the dews are beginning to weep . . . .

Leona, good-by; would the grief
That is gathering now, ever be
Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief,
And remember the journey, though lonesome is brief,
O'er lowland and river to me . . . .

—James G. Clark

MINERVA WHITE SNOW: The news of the unexpected demise of Sister Minerva White Snow, wife of Apostle Erastus Snow, was quite a shock to many of her friends and to her relatives in this City. Sister Snow died April 1, 1896, at Manti, where she has been living for several years past, having been called there at the time of the dedication of the Manti Temple, and has been laboring therein almost continuously . . . . Faithful and true in every department of life, a loving wife, an affectionate mother, a wise counselor, full of integrity and abounding in faith and good works, amiable, tender, considerate of the feelings of others, and full of charity . . . .

—Editorial

RELIEF SOCIETY IN OAKLEY, SUMMIT COUNTY: Our society was organized June 10, 1895. Our president, Sister Eliza West is very energetic and persevering; her assistants and all the members seem to be willing to do all in their power to carry the work along. The members have all donated liberally and are storing up wheat as we were counseled to do.

—Ella M. Horton, Ass't. Sec.

REPORT FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS: Sister Libbie Noall, who returned last fall from the Sandwich Islands, gave a most interesting description of her labors in the Relief Society among the native sisters on those islands. The first Relief Society organized there was in 1875 . . . . These sisters are as willing to make sacrifices as we are at home in Zion; they are full of faith and zeal in their religion, and are naturally gifted in speaking. They learn quickly and do fancy work of various kinds. They are fond of their meetings and will walk long distances to attend religious services . . . . —From a Report of the General Conference of Relief Society

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THE League of Women Voters, a national organization, is currently stressing in its local organizations the preparation of women to take part effectively in the coming national elections. The stated purpose of the League, which was organized in 1920, is to "promote political responsibility through informed and active participation of citizens in government."

LUCRETIA FERRE, young Latter-day Saint soprano from Salt Lake City, who has won acclaim throughout the United States and in many European cities, in December 1955 sang in the "Messiah" presented for service men in Augsburg, Germany.

MADAME SIMONE COUSTEAU prefers living "with adventure" — and her husband, Jacques-Yves, explorer and inventor, on his French national scientific ship, "Calypso," to being a Paris socialite. Nine months of the year her life is "uncomfortable and acrobatic" in their close quarters. Sometimes she cooks for twenty-three men, also acting as purser, nurse, and assistant winch-operator. From the "Calypso" scientists explore the under-water world, its marine life, geology, the water itself, and wrecks of ships sunk before the time of Christ.

MABEL LAW ATKINSON and her daughter Frances, of Dayton, Idaho, at present living in Salt Lake City, Utah, tied for first-place honors in the 1955 short story contest sponsored by the National Thanksgiving Association. Representatives from thirty states entered the contest. Both Mrs. Atkinson and her daughter are contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine*.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER, gifted American actress, in a recent interview, emphasized a beautiful speaking voice as necessary to a woman's charm. "A wonderful and pleasant way to improve your voice is to read aloud and listen to yourself. If possible, have a tape recording made, because you always sound different than you imagine."

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Rachel Moore Wood, one hundred, and Mrs. Caroline W. Newman, ninety-nine, both of Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Elizabeth Day, Hunter, Utah, ninety-four; Mrs. Ellen King Lyman, Logandale, Nevada, ninety-one; and the following women who have reached their ninetieth birthdays: Mrs. Adeline Maria Bohn Puffer, Beaver, Utah; Mrs. Lavinia Rigby Card, Mrs. Sarah Winter Bacon, and Mrs. Harriet L. Axton, all of Salt Lake City.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 43 APRIL 1956 No. 4

A Woman and Her Garden

EVEN before the sunshine of spring touches the brown earth, a woman may plan her garden. Perhaps on paper she outlines the landscaping — here a dwarf cherry tree for Maytime bloom; there by the pool, the heart-shaped leaves of Valentine ivy; near the doorstep a bed of blue and gold pansies. Dear to the heart of the homemaker is the plot of ground, large or small, which she may beautify as a setting for her house, the place where she may see the first tender green of grass and leaf, the opening of flower buds, the aureole of bloom.

For the well-being of the body and to satisfy the reachings of the spirit, the joy of planting, the serenity of waiting, and then the glad reward, are as a cycle completed in the fulfillment of promise. The dark earth, the brown seeds, the dormant bulbs, the blue sky and the warm sun, the dreaming of summer — such are the uses of a garden.

Always it seems a miracle to see the plot of earth change from darkness to the glory of life and color. Many women have found such creative joy in gardening that they regard its satisfactions as an integral part of homemaking.

Mothers have found that children and gardens go well together — small footsteps following while the mother plants and trims and tenderly cares for the seedlings — then a garden nook for the child's playtime, and the sheltered place where the family gathers on summer evenings. So a garden may be used for binding the family together and uniting them in the love of the earth and the home which have been given them for their use and their delight.

Our gardens planned and planted this springtime will not be for one season alone, but they will be for many summers, a continuation of our love and care. And should we find it necessary to leave a home and a garden, should our families be faced with the need of making a new home, memories of the early garden will go with them and establish again the family pattern. It will, perhaps, be for our children, as it is with us, to rejoice in the memory of gardens.

Who among us has not heard of the heritage of plants and flowers? Recall, perhaps, a pioneer garden, someone saying, "This lilac bush was planted by my grandmother from a start she carried westward from Nauvoo." Or, in a sheltered place, near the wall of an adobe house . . . "This spot once was radiant with pansies grown from seed which my great-aunt gathered in

the gardens of Harlow, when she lived in England." Or visit a ranch home, long deserted, and someone will say, "Look, this spot of ground was once my mother's herb garden. See these leaves of hardy sage, these horehound plants reseeding themselves year after year. Always I see my mother in this place, bending over the savory herbs." It may be someone will remark: "This is precious ground, for here my courageous mother-in-law stood on her desert homestead and turned the water into furrows where pinks and marigolds and zinnias grew in an arid place." Or, perhaps in a high mountain valley, we may see the yellow roses covering the fences with their bright gold. Through the years these yellow roses have been the very name and essence of beauty to women whose lives were sometimes bleak as canyon winds.

Our gardens are not for today's joy alone, rather they are a continuing treasure — they are for deep remembrance — for our own remembering, and for the heritage of our children, for the lasting love of home, when, in days to come, we shall speak to others and have some influence upon their thoughts through the long-remembered fragrance of flowers and the beholding of the shining green leaves of spring.

—V. P. C.

Leone O. Jacobs Resigns From the General Board

ON February 15, 1956, the general board accepted, with great reluctance, the resignation of Leone O. Jacobs from the general board after eleven years of outstanding service.

At the time of her appointment, Sister Jacobs brought to the general board work a thorough knowledge of Relief Society work and procedures gained from experience in a foreign mission as well as in stakes of the Church.

Sister Jacobs' work on the general board has been versatile. In addition to serving on various standing committees, she has written the visiting teacher lessons "Book of Mormon Gems of Truth" for five years. These lessons have been valuable aids for more righteous living among the sisters throughout the Church. Also of particular significance has been the work of Sister Jacobs as a general board representative on community programs in all of which she has shown great interest and taken an active part. Throughout the years of service to the general board Sister Jacobs has been fully supported by her devoted husband and children.

Now as Sister Jacobs deems it wisdom to terminate her general board work, she carries with her the love and respect of every member with whom she has served, who pray that her future endeavors may also prove of great satisfaction and joy to her.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Brigham Young University Leadership Week

BRIGHAM Young University Leadership Week will be held June 18-22, 1956, on the Brigham Young University Campus, Provo, Utah. Relief Society members have found the leadership classes of great interest and value and are looking forward to this year's program. The general board wishes to call to the attention of Relief Society members the following classes which, in addition to many others, it is believed, will be of special interest to Relief Society women:

Concluding Messages of The Book of Mormon
"How" for the Housewife
Art in Everyday Life
Beautifying the Home Grounds
"Fashion Fair With a Forward Flair"
Wisdom and Beauty Through Literature
An Hour With Shakespeare
Family Business Problems
Getting the Most From Family Life
Teaching Aids Clinic
Improvement of Teaching III (for teachers of adults)
Baton Techniques
Music in the Church

A detailed program may be obtained by requesting a copy of "Widening Horizons" from Brigham Young University Extension Division, Provo, Utah.

Book of Mormon Reading Project

REPORT forms on The Book of Mormon reading project will be sent to stake and mission Relief Society presidents in April 1956, and should be returned not later than July 15, 1956. The general board wishes to encourage all sisters to do the reading of The Book of Mormon for this year, which includes the book of Helaman through 3 Nephi, chapter 14. In order for a sister to receive credit, the reading must have been done during the year in which the lessons have been studied in Relief Society.

Hymn of the Month

The Church-wide congregational hymn singing project, inaugurated by the Church Music Committee, will be continued during the coming year, and all auxiliary organizations have been invited to participate. The purpose of this project is to increase the hymn repertoire of the Church members and to place emphasis on the message of the hymns. Stake choristers and organists are requested to give assistance at union meetings to ward choristers and organists in carrying out this project.

An analysis and story of the hymn will be printed each month in the Church Section of the *Deseret News*.

Following is a list of hymns approved for the twelve months July 1956 to June 1957:

Month	*Hymn*	*Number*
1956		
July	They, The Builders of the Nation—Alldredge-Durham	173
August	Nearer, Dear Savior to Thee—Townsend-Clayson	117
September	Come, We That Love the Lord—Watts-Williams	25
October	The Lord Be With Us—Anon.—Cannon	28
November	Father, Thy Children to Thee Now Raise—Stephens	43
December	O Little Town of Bethlehem—Brooks-Redner	165
1957		
January	Oh Hark! A Glorious Sound Is Heard—Robinson-Asper	134
February	Jehovah, Lord of Heaven and Earth—Holden	83
March	He Is Risen—Alexander-Neander	61
April	God Loved Us, So He Sent His Son—Kimball-Schreiner	178
May	Great King of Heaven, Our Hearts We Raise—Thomas-Robertson	53
June	As Swiftly My Days Go Out on the Wing	5

Before Night-Shadows Fall

Maude O. Cook

This day is spent—tomorrow may not be—
We meet the challenge which this moment brings,
To break our shackles, conquer and be free,
And turn both thought and deed to nobler things . . . .
This moment is our own, heed, then, its call,
And use it well before night-shadows fall.

Cancer--A Check-Up and a Check

Sandra Munsell

Supervisor, Magazine Advertising Services, American Cancer Society

THIS April, the American Cancer Society will intensify its year-round educational program by urging all Americans to fight cancer with a check-up and a check . . . a check-up to save their own lives, a check to save the lives of their fellows. To carry on its nation-wide program of scientific research, professional and public education, and service to patients, the Society seeks to raise $26,000,000. This is a particularly significant figure. If present rates continue, 26,000,000 Americans now alive will die of cancer.

In a few short years we've seen the discovery of antibiotics, new wonder drugs for tuberculosis, a vaccine for polio. We will see the conquest of cancer, too, if people want it badly enough. Last year the American Cancer Society was unable to fill requests for research funds totaling almost $3,000,000. The reason—not enough money.

Cancer and healthy cells seem to feed on different kinds of "food." We know how to make some cancer cells die by starving them. Will we starve out all kinds of cancer cells one day? Only more work and research will tell.

Some cancer patients develop substances that fight their own tumors. When science knows more about antibodies, we may have a new cancer treatment. Only more work and research will tell.

Some cancers are being halted by atomic materials. Can new radioactive isotopes affect other cancers in the same way? Only more work and research will tell.

New drugs are being developed that fight specific kinds of cancer. Will any of them turn out to be cancer-killers? Only more work and research will tell.

The law of averages says that cancer will kill one out of every six Americans. But the law does not have to prevail. You can help break it in two ways. By having a thorough medical checkup every year . . . and by sending a contribution to your unit of the American Cancer Society or to Cancer, c/o your town's Postmaster.

Fight cancer with a checkup and a check.

Heartsease

Beulah Huish Sadleir

When the heart is filled with grief—
Plant a flower or rake a leaf;
Heaven's hope is centered where
Two busy hands make silent prayer.

Lesson From Letty

Arlene D. Cloward

DEAR DIARY:

Today I grew up. Oh, I'm only one day older in time, but years older in wisdom, and it all happened because today was my Mother's birthday. I learned my lesson from Letty. Early this morning no one could have told me that I could learn anything from my little eight-year-old sister, as we sat on the front steps planning what to get for our Mother. I was so deeply engrossed that I scarcely even knew that she was there. It was a very beautiful day, with the sky all clear and blue and the sun glimmering through the big trees, making lacy patterns on the dewy grass. The lawn spray sent forth a pleasant, fresh shower of water and gave the earth a cool, fragrant odor as it had after a rain, and a colorful rainbow sparkled in an arch.

Letty looked about with happy blue eyes, seeming to drink in the beauty of the morning. I was just a little resentful that it should be all up to me to get a present for Mother, and to do all of the worrying—financially. Oh, not that I didn't want to give her the finest things in the world, I did, and that was what made it so hard on my small funds. Finally I straightened up and smiled. "I've got it!"

"What?" Letty asked eagerly. "Have you thought of what we can get for Mommie?"

Suddenly I wanted to have my present from me alone. "Yes," I snapped, a little roughly. Letty held out her grimy hand with its five pennies. "Here, take my money too, then. So it can be from both of us."

I laughed. "Goose! That won't even pay the tax." I didn't really want to be cruel, just plain. Well, Letty's face looked as white as if I had slapped it, and I had to hurry and turn away before I changed my mind and took her five pennies after all. It was time that she grew up and realized what it was like to have to do all of the planning as I had to do. Being the oldest of five, this had always befallen me and, actually, I loved my role, and was feeling very superior for my fifteen years.

"When I was your age I got Mother my own presents," I said and ran quickly into the house, leaving a very crushed and unhappy little girl. As I dressed to go into town I felt perfectly terrible, and could hardly wait to go back outside and take Letty's five pennies. She had been so sweet and happy, and I had ruined it all for her. Quickly I slipped into the new dress Mother had made for me and thought, with a flood of love, how lucky we all were to have someone like her, and I was very glad that I had saved my baby-sitting money so that I could buy her the beautiful blue dress that she had admired in the store. It would be just perfect with her lovely, silvery hair.

I ran down the stairs and heard Mother and Letty talking from the front porch. Slipping quietly out, I could see Letty's little rosy face uplifted and beaming and her eyes shining. "See, Mommie, see how the water makes a rainbow and the

little drops of water look like big pearls on the grass."

Well, I thought, she certainly recovered quickly from her hurt, and it made me feel a great deal better. I should have known that nothing ever worries Letty for very long, and I was glad that it didn't, because Mother's dark eyes were smiling happily and she was gazing at the rainbow as if she had never seen one before. Some of the tired lines had vanished, and she looked so lovely and serene that it almost took my breath away. I bent and kissed her cheek. "Bye, Mom, I've got to go into town for awhile."

Mother nodded, almost absently, for Letty was already leading her by the hand to where the first violets were blooming in profusion along the white fence, chattering gaily that they looked almost like velvet.

I walked on down the path, thinking that though I hadn't been able to tell Letty I'd love to include her in my present, I could take her contribution when I arrived home. After all, there was very little that an eight-year-old could do before then.

IT was a nice day to take a walk, and a cool breeze stirred through my hair. When I reached town I bought the dress happily, thinking of the joy that it would bring to Mother's face, and then I had to stop in at Janie's to plan our party for that evening. It was close to noon by the time I arrived back home. As I came through the gate I saw Letty on her hands and knees by the flower bed, carefully weeding out the stray grass and weeds, leaving the violets in a bed of soft, brown earth. It enhanced their delicate beauty so that I stopped to gaze at them.

Letty didn't look up but continued to work with loving gentleness, and I went on into the house and hastily hid my bundle in my room.

After lunch I had to hurry back into town to buy the things for our party, and this time I left a little shamefaced, for Letty was happily preparing to send Mother off on a nice walk—perhaps even to the beauty shop to have her hair done, while she took up Mike, the baby, to tend him.

"I'll take Mike with me, Letty," I volunteered, but she just hugged him and nestled her nose against him to make him giggle. "No. I *want* to tend him. You go ahead and go, and, Mommie," she added, calling after Mother as she went down the walk, "take just as long as you want." Mother beamed back with that same shining look in her eyes, as if she were still seeing a rainbow.

The house was quiet when I returned and, peeking in at Mother's bedroom door, I saw Mike curled up fast asleep in his crib. Letty was bent over the desk in the living room, laboriously concentrating on a bowl of violets before her. I slipped up behind her and glanced over her shoulder to see that she was very painstakingly trying to copy the violets on a piece of folded drawing paper. She had smeared the lines a little with her small, grubby little palm, but the likeness was there, and she was beginning to

color the violets with her purple crayon.

"Letty, I want to apologize. I'd like very much to have your five pennies."

Letty didn't look up, but she grinned. "Oh, no, Judy. You were right. I should give Mommie my very own present and I'm going to. Thanks anyway." She continued to color the violets earnestly, trying to deepen the purple in the center, and I suddenly felt overwhelmingly humble.

"May I see the inside, honey?"

Letty opened the card eagerly, and I read the little verse almost through a screen of tears, not knowing why for sure myself. It was a simple little wish—perhaps that was the beauty of it. It said in a large but carefully printed scrawl: "Dearest Mommie, I hope that your birthday is as happy and as beautiful as your favrite flower. With love, Letty."

"Do you think she'll like it Judy?" Letty asked anxiously.

I put my arms around the little shoulders that were already bending back over the card. "Darling, she'll love it."

Letty smiled, her own quick smile of sunshine, and I had to hurry and turn away so that she couldn't see my tears.

As soon as I reached the hall I picked up the telephone and dialed Janie. She protested when I told her I couldn't make it to our party after all, that it was very important that I spend the evening at home, it was my Mother's birthday. I was insistent, and, finally, she laughed, "Well, to tell you the truth that's one time when I always try to stay home, too."

UP in the little room that Letty and I shared I wrapped the gift I had for Mother with almost a feeling of shame. It wasn't nearly good enough for her, not nearly so good as the little card that Letty was coloring.

That evening after dinner we handed our presents to Mother, as she sat at the head of the table. Her hair was shiny in the light of the candles on the cake that Daddy had brought her, and she looked at everything with joy and happiness, but I knew that the expression I had wanted to see would come when Letty made her presentation. She thanked me with a smile of delight, but I was quietly waiting—waiting for the best moment of all.

Letty shyly came up beside Mother and laid the card in her hand and brought out a little bunch of violets fastened with a pretty yellow satin ribbon to a lace doilie that I had seen in a store for five pennies. She pinned it very carefully to Mother's collar, and stepped back, beaming.

Mother read the verse, and the tears welled up in her deep eyes, but she smiled with that joy and pride and love for which I had been waiting.

Letty had given Mother the very best present of all. She had given her an afternoon of leisure and enjoyment. She had given her the rainbow and the beauty of the bed of violets, but above all, she had given of herself—so sweetly and so unconsciously in her little card of love.

So you see, dear Diary, I learned a lesson from Letty today. It isn't how much you give nor how much it cost, but what you give of yourself.

Typical British Recipes

Submitted by Elaine Reiser

Irish Vegetable Tartlets

¼ lb. short pastry (pie crust dough)
salt and pepper
1 cup shelled young peas
yolk of 1 egg
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 oz. grated cheese
young carrots (as desired)
Irish potatoes (as desired)
½ pint white sauce

Time: About 30 minutes. Temperature for pastry: 425° F. Serves 4.

Scrape young carrots and dice enough to fill a breakfast cup, and the same quantity of new Irish potatoes. Boil these and the peas separately until done. Roll out the pastry, sprinkle it with very finely grated cheese. Fold and roll out again. Cover the outsides of well-greased patty pans with the dough and bake at 425° F.

Make ½ pint of ordinary white sauce, season it well with salt and pepper, stir in the beaten yolk of an egg and stir over very gentle heat for three minutes. Then add the lemon juice.

See that cooked vegetables are well drained, and mix them with this sauce.

Slip the tins out of the cooked pastry cases, fill them with the vegetables and serve very hot.

Welsh Rarebit

6 oz. cheese
⅛ tsp. mustard
1 oz. butter or margarine
⅛ tsp. salt and half that of pepper
2 tbsp. cream or milk
4 slices hot buttered toast

Time: 5 to 10 minutes. Temperature: low. Serves 4.

Put the butter in a small saucepan and when it has melted mix with it the pepper, salt, and mustard, the cream, and finely grated cheese. Stir over very gentle heat until it is a smooth mixture, but do not let it boil. Spread the mixture thickly on the toast and serve at once, or brown under a grill if preferred.

Suet Pudding

¼ lb. suet
½ lb. flour
½ pint milk or water
pinch of salt
1 tsp. baking powder
½ oz. margarine or dripping

Time: 3 hours. Temperature: moderate, 350°. Serves 4.

Shred the suet very finely. Sift the flour with the baking powder and add the suet. Mix to a rather soft dough with milk or water. Turn it into well-greased basin, cover with waxed paper, and steam for three hours.

Inexpensive Christmas Pudding

½ lb. flour
½ lb. suet
½ lb. currants
1 tsp. mixed spice
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tbsp. milk
½ lb. breadcrumbs
½ lb. raisins
2 oz. candied peel
6 oz. molasses
2 eggs
1 oz. dripping or margarine

Time: 8 hours. Temperature: moderate, 350° F. Serves 8 to 10.

Grate the suet finely. Mix the flour with the baking powder and spice and sift

them. Cut raisins finely. Slice or grate peel. Add fruit and suet to the flour and mix thoroughly. Whisk the eggs well, then beat them into the other ingredients. Warm the molasses, add the milk to it and beat this in. When evenly mixed, turn into well-greased bowl, cover with waxed paper, then with a cloth and boil for eight hours. Store in a cool, dry place, with plenty of air.

Scottish Scones

2½ c. flour
2 tsp. baking powder
buttermilk to mix
1 tbsp. sugar
2 eggs

Time: about 10 minutes. Temperature: hot, 400° F.

Mix the sugar, baking powder, and flour together, add the beaten eggs, and, by degrees, enough buttermilk (about 1½ cups) to make a thin batter. It must be carefully mixed, so that it is free from lumps. Drop the batter a little at a time on a griddle, cook for about five minutes, turning them when ready. These scones are eaten piping hot with butter, and honey if desired.

Mint Jelly

(To serve with lamb)

4 lb. sharp-flavored cooking apples
1 lb. preserving sugar to every pint of juice
12 good sprays mint

Time: about 1 hour. Temperature: moderate, 350° F.

Wash the apples and cut them in small pieces, but do not peel or core them. Put them in a stewpan with enough water to cover and simmer until they are quite soft. Do not stir them, for to look nice this jelly should be very clear. When soft, turn into a sieve to drain and leave until they have ceased to drip. Then put the juice into a stewpan. Bruise the mint and add it, stalks as well as leaves. Simmer for ten minutes. Then strain the juice, measure it, and put it into a preserving pan with the sugar, and boil until it jellies when tested. Add a few drops of green coloring, but be careful not to overdo it; it should be a pale green. Remove the excess foam which has boiled to the top. Pour into small, dry pots and cover when cold.

Green Tomato Chutney

2 lb. green tomatoes
2 lb. green apples
½ oz. whole ginger
2 oz. garlic
1 lb. brown sugar
½ lb. small raisins
6 red chili peppers
1 pint vinegar

Time: about 1 hour. Temperature: moderate, 350° F.

Quarter the tomatoes. Peel and core the apples and cut them in pieces; peel the garlic. Mix these ingredients together and put them through a grinder. Put the mixture into a preserving pan; add the sugar, raisins, chili, peppers, vinegar and the ginger tied in a small bag of muslin. Bring slowly to the boil, then simmer until thick and soft. Remove the ginger and squeeze out as much juice as possible. Pour into hot, dry jars and cover with paraffin.

Josef Muench

GERANIUMS

Old-Fashioned Flowers in Modern Gardens

Dorthea N. Newbold

Garden Editor, *Deseret News and Telegram*

WHETHER you live in an apartment, in a house on a city lot, or whether your home is located on a farm or ranch, you can have a garden. Gardening may be practiced on a large scale with hired help, or on a much smaller scale by caring for a few plants on a window sill. Gardening will bring pleasure and relaxation to the gardener, for the contact with growing plants reawakens our hope and faith in the future. Working with soil and seeds brings a serenity into our busy lives.

Our grandmothers must have realized and enjoyed the healing influence when working with growing plants. Though their cabins were located many hundreds of miles

from cities, and possibly set down in the middle of the desert, the pioneer woman struggled to have her own garden. She not only raised vegetables to vary the daily meals she prepared, but she also cultivated annual and perennial flowers to satisfy her craving for beauty. Who could imagine a cabin without a row of geraniums on the window sills?

Geraniums

Usually those pioneer women had two types of geraniums — the type which we know as the zonal geraniums, and the scented geraniums. Generally the zonal geraniums were propagated by slips handed from one neighbor to another, rooted in a bit of soil, or it might be that one was fortunate enough to secure a few seeds and start them into growth. Every plant that grew would produce a different colored flower — and weren't those women delighted if they were so fortunate as to get an apple-blossom pink, or a rose pink!

While the scented geraniums were easy to grow from slips, the blooms were not pretty — but they were a desirable house plant because their foliage was aromatic. At jelly-making time, the leaves were picked, washed carefully, and one leaf was placed in the bottom of each jelly glass. Hot jelly poured over them would bring out the aromatic oils and would give the jelly an enticing flavor.

Leaves of the scented geraniums and of lavender were gathered, and dried, and spread between the household linens. Often tiny sachet bags were made for the same purpose. One wonders just what those homemakers would say if they could have their choice from among the more than forty varieties of scented geraniums that are on the markets today.

Zinnias

The zinnias that our grandmothers raised were not exactly spectacular garden subjects. Zinnias have been greatly improved by plant hybridizers, and, in the process, have traveled around the world.

Zinnias are natives of Mexico. Johann Gottfried Zinn, a German botanist and Doctor of Medicine, found them in the hills of Mexico in 1757. Seeds were gathered and taken back to Europe, and were grown in just a few gardens. The

Dorthea Newbold

SALMON BEAUTY PEONY
As seen in the Luzon Crosby gardens, Orem, Utah

Dorthea Newbold

SHAGGY CACTUS-FLOWERED ZINNIAS

plants were rather weedy-looking things, blooms were a single row of petals of a magenta-purple color with a cone-like center.

In Oude, India, in about 1853, the first "break" in zinnias occurred. A gardener there found the first double flower. Seeds were gathered and some were sent to Paris, where, in 1856, just one hundred years ago, the first double zinnias were exhibited. In 1861, zinnias, double and two and one-half inches in diameter were advertised in an English gardening catalog. The next move was to the North American Continent. Here, plant hybridizers have continued their work on zinnias until now we have them in a rainbow of colors, and in just about every size from the tiny ones an inch in diameter, to huge ones that measure six inches across. Fabulous, spectacular, superior, dazzling — these words are necessary to use to describe the new beauties.

Hardy Roses

As civilization made the western march, the women found that some types of flowers could endure the long trip and would soon put down roots in the new home. Harrison's yellow rose, an easy to grow June-blooming rose, is to be found in every section of our great country. It could and does endure the extremes of high or low altitudes, alkali or acid soil, extreme heat or cold.

The moss roses, which every pioneer woman longed to have in her garden, have now become choice

items in a collector's garden. It is quite the fashion to grow the old-fashioned roses. Some have a garden filled with the older types, others use many of the new hybrid tea roses, and then plant a few of the older kinds for background. But, wherever they are found growing, they put on an annual display in June — and they earn their spot in the garden.

Lilacs

Lilacs and peonies, snowballs and sweet Williams, "pinks" and hollyhocks were also found in those gardens of long ago.

Lilacs, either white or purple, with their wonderful fragrance, could be set out in any type of soil or climate and would become perfectly happy and thriving plants. Today, there are hundreds of varieties for us to select from, and they, too, are just as easy to grow as was the old-type lilac *vulgaris*.

Peonies

The varieties of peonies number well into the hundreds today, and fortunate was the pioneer gardener who had a start of the old "Piney." Many of those plants, set out long years ago, are still growing and blooming, for peonies are just as rugged as were some of the gardeners who planted them. Well-grown plants of the newest varieties will attain four feet in height — and almost that in diameter, while blooms will be ten to twelve inches across.

Our grandmothers were able to have gardens with the types of flowers that were available to them. Today, with a wide selection of plants, and hundreds of different varieties where there used to be but one, we should really have wonderful gardens — yes, and we should have a wonderful time while we are gardening.

Remember Today

Daphne Jemmett

When we are caught in life's swift stream—
No turning back to drift or dream,

When different paths our feet will find—
And miss the ones we've left behind,

I'll hold this day fast in my heart
To light the years when we're apart.

I'll see the hills across the sea—
The gray gulls dip — the winds blow free,

The white sails fill before the breeze;
I'll warm my heart from days like these.

The Relief Society Magazine - - "A Messenger"

Emily C. Pollei

Magazine Representative, Emigration Stake, Salt Lake City, Utah

[Talk Presented in the *Magazine* Department Meeting at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 29, 1955]

IN speaking to you today, dear sisters, I am reminded of the words of a famous trial lawyer who was asked to explain his success with juries. He replied, "First, I tell them what I am going to tell them, then I tell them, and then I tell them what I have told them." Such an approach should sell *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Each one of us is here today because of a calling to serve in our Church, and I, for one, am very grateful for this privilege of being a stake *Magazine* representative. I had just been released from being a ward president when I was asked to be the *Magazine* representative on the stake board.

At the first board meeting I attended, I noticed that I was made very welcome, but, really, the other departments had much to discuss and took the attention of the president. I knew then that this was really a challenging position and it was up to me to earn all of the respect I could for our *Magazine* department. My former ward *Magazine* representative encouraged me by telling me how much I had assisted her. She said every opportunity I had, I had been enthusiastic about the *Magazine* being brought to the attention of the members. She reminded me that after I had made my visits to new members or any inactive members, I would call and report to her, giving her information that would help her in selling the *Magazine* to them, such as hobbies, interests, and any talents the prospects might possess.

Effective Selling by Visual Aids

Now, I know that this *Relief Society Magazine* selling and reselling is a tremendous job, and I am doing everything in my power to help my ward representatives so that they can do effective selling all *twelve months* of the year. Because of our inexperience, we must study selling techniques and present them at union meeting. A thousand words will not make us understand as will one picture. The optic nerve which carries impressions from the eye to the brain is eight times as large as the auditory nerve which carries impressions from the ear to the brain. The power of concentration is very short, and if we have attractive posters around the Relief Society room, when the mind wanders, as it sometimes does even in the best of us, these posters will attract attention and suggest a worthwhile thought. Never use very many posters at one time, as too many are confusing. All these posters we make could be made by the ward representatives in union meeting and then used interchangeably in the stake. Other suggestive ways of mentioning the *Magazine* are writ-

ing poems and themes of lessons on the blackboard. Bulletin boards can be used or even placing information in a ward news letter helps.

Aids in Selling

In our stake we have used two letters which are mailed to the homes, one to appeal to the new mothers, and the other to the working mothers. We also collect a good supply of old copies of the *Magazine* and send one out to a nonsubscriber; two or three days later, we follow up with a visit.

Another tool we use in selling those whom we contact is to carry with us a loose-leaf notebook on our calls, with the twelve *Magazine* covers and indexes enclosed in cellophane folders. Also, we are watchful for suggestions to be gained through other advertising, such as from bus ads, letters, signboards, and magazines.

Promotional Work

First, remember to work closely with the stake Relief Society presidency; second, begin the fall season with great enthusiasm; third, outline a program for the coming year. Before starting the fall season, the stake *Magazine* representative, with the approval of the stake Relief Society presidency, might invite all the ward representatives, with their ward presidents, to a special meeting or social and there give definite instructions and exchange ideas, making sure that each representative realizes the full responsibility of her duties. Then the first union meeting could be used as a workshop to get ready for the beginning of the October meetings. It is advisable to use discretion in promotional work, giving special emphasis to the *Magazine* in a regular Relief Society meeting about three times a year, as highlights.

Recognition of Magazine Representatives

The January work meeting day might be an excellent occasion for recognizing the ward *Magazine* representatives. The entire program could be planned around various aspects of the *Magazine*, its special features and its departments. The luncheon tables might be decorated with pictures or motifs taken from the *Magazine*. The favors, also, could be worked out to represent the versatility and the usefulness of the various sections of the *Magazine*. Some suggestions for seasonal parties, which might be applied to a *Magazine* theme, are given in the article "A Party That's Different" (*Relief Society Magazine*, February 1953, page 101).

At one of the spring union meetings, the stake president could acknowledge the stake *Magazine* representative for her accomplishments, then, in turn, the stake *Magazine* representative could express her gratitude for the support and success the ward *Magazine* representatives achieved. Here is an opportunity for the ward sisters to respond and give testimonies of their callings.

Using the Magazine As a Theme

For the Anniversary observance, or for the closing social in the spring, the theme of the party could well be planned with the *Magazine* as the center of interest, since its

contents embody all phases of Relief Society work, as well as the interests and hobbies of women in their homes. The November 1953 *Magazine* lists a large number of excellent programs, plays, and pageants which may be secured from the office of the general board for fifteen cents each. (See pages 745-749.) The series "Adventures in Glass," by Alberta H. Christensen, presented in the *Magazine* during 1952 and 1953 contains a wealth of material which might well serve as a theme for a most enjoyable and instructive luncheon or other program.

Repetition of the words *Relief Society Magazine* will forever make us conscious of its worth. I am convinced that it is the mouthpiece of Relief Society, and, if I will study the words therein, it will give me knowledge and understanding to rear my family, and my family will receive inspiration and knowledge from its contents.

Her Gift

Della Adams Leitner

She took the odds and ends of things
That others throw away,
And by her alchemy of skill
She fashioned them till they
Were something useful, something bright,
From counterpane to toy;
Creative knack, a talent used
To share a wealth of joy.

And not alone material,
But time she valued, too;
The moments some might waste she used
And from them something new
Of service, comfort, help came forth;
And so her life became
A fountainhead of happiness
And many blessed her name.

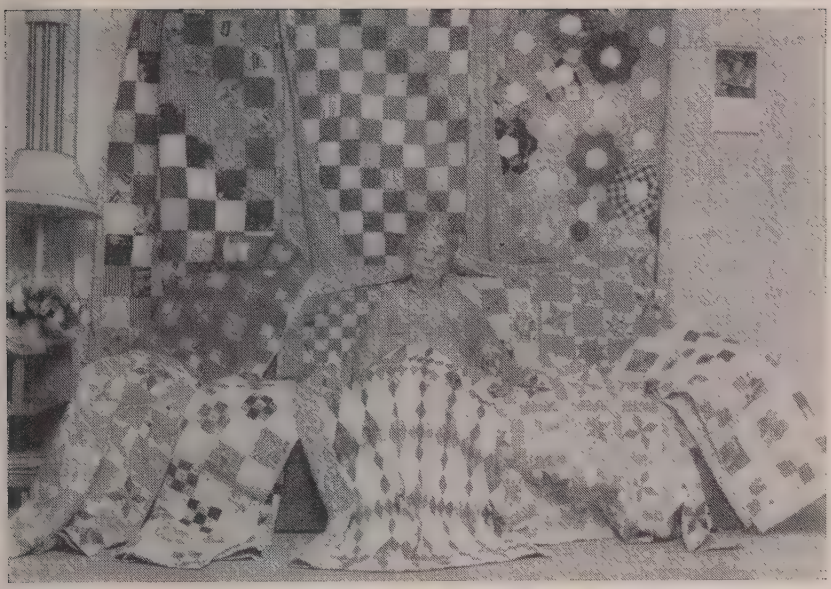
Trouble

Celia Luce

DOES trouble bring blessings with it? The argument has raged all down the centuries.

Yet there is surely one blessing that trouble brings. It puts small annoyances into their proper place, far into the background, and gives one a sense of proportion. It teaches one the singing happiness of just an ordinary trouble-free day, a day with one's husband and children near and well, and a small part of the world's work to do.

A day free of great trouble is a gem to be turned slowly in the mind so that its every sparkle is savored and brings the deep, glorious satisfaction it should.



Ella Randall Lewis Pieces Quilts for Happiness

ELLA Randall Lewis, eighty-nine years old, of Tempe, Arizona, pieces quilts that bring happiness to her and joy and comfort to those who are privileged to have the beautiful quilts in their homes. Many quilts pieced and quilted by Sister Lewis have been donated to the Relief Society and she has worked on hundreds of others in company with her sisters in Relief Society meetings. "Busy fingers make happy hearts," is a philosophy of life that has meant much to Sister Lewis, for even when she is bedfast, her fingers can still ply the needle and her stitches are small and even — measured in beauty.

Sister Lewis is an expert at hand and machine sewing, and at one time she owned a loom and wove many beautiful rugs. She has served for many years in various official capacities in Relief Society, contributing much time and effort towards the success of the work meeting program. She has five children, fourteen grandchildren, and twenty-one great-grandchildren.

Fear Is a Habit

Anne S. W. Gould

FEAR destroys most people's happiness. Away with fear, it is your worst enemy. Don't entertain it, put in its place courage, hope, and love. Fear really is a habit and a foolish one. Emerson said, "Never set sail to a fear."

The Day Before the Wedding

Dorothy Boys Kilian

AT four o'clock Janie Marston adjusted the last pair of flowered chintz draperies on their rod, stepped down off the ladder and sighed with satisfaction. It had been a frantically full day, the one before her wedding, but what fun — arranging everything just the way she wanted it in this first home of her very own.

Hers *and* Dean's, she amended warmly as she heard a car turn into the drive outside. This is the way it would be, always and forever, after tomorrow — listening for his coming in the evening, running to greet her husband. Starry-eyed, Janie forgot how tired she was, as she hurried eagerly to the back door.

Looking down the steps, she stared in amazement at the big, orange crate-filled trailer attached on behind the familiar blue convertible.

"Hi, darling," Dean called up as he stepped out of the car. "Just picked this stuff up at the Railway Express." He waved an arm breezily toward the load behind him.

Janie glanced wildly around the tiny apartment, mentally measuring the capacity of its little cupboards, its two skimpy closets. "What on earth's in all those boxes?" she asked apprehensively as her lanky, sandy-haired young man bounded up the steps.

Dean grinned. "Don't you know, little girl, that curiosity once killed a cat?"

He was close to her now, and Janie felt his arm come around her tight. For a delicious moment she forgot everything but the dear nearness of this man who was going to be hers, hers completely.

Finally, though, she lifted her head and looked over his shoulder. "But, really, Dean, what is all that stuff? I thought we'd brought everything except the wedding presents over here this morning."

"It's boxes of my own things Mother just sent on from Sacramento," Dean explained. "She's had 'em stored in the attic ever since I left home." He chuckled. "I'll bet she's glad to be able to palm 'em off on you."

"Things?" Janie echoed blankly.

"Honey, you may not know it, but you're marrying a pack rat," Dean called back cheerfully as he disappeared down the stairs to the trailer.

As Janie watched in bewilderment, he came staggering back up with a huge cardboard carton. Setting it down with a thud that made the floor lamp dance, he said, "I know right where to put this load. Thought of it when the landlady was showing us the apartment." He reached down and took hold of the handles of a large flat drawer in the bottom of the studio couch.

"She said that place was for blanket storage," Janie reminded him gently. She didn't know exactly what was in that box, but it certainly wasn't bedding.

"Blankets?" Dean muttered

vaguely. "Oh, yes, we'll put 'em somewhere. But, look what a great place this will be for our prize specimens!" He swept open the drawer and began depositing in it the contents of the box.

"Rocks!" Janie breathed.

DEAN sat back on his heels and smiled. "I suppose you might call them that, if you didn't know anything about them," he conceded tolerantly. "Actually, they're the cream of my mineral collection."

"And all those other boxes?" Janie's eyebrows were rising higher by the second.

"Oh, other hobby stuff. Boy, it'll be fun to get back to 'em," Dean answered enthusiastically.

Janie stared at this man whom she had thought she knew so well. "I didn't realize you had all these interests," she said slowly.

"The truth is," Dean laughed, shutting the rock drawer with a slam, "since I came here to Bakersfield six months ago, I've been so busy trying to add you to my collection that I haven't had time for any of my hobbies."

Janie frowned. So she was just his newest hobby, was she?

"If you're worrying about where to put the blankets," Dean said, "I've got just the solution." He ran out of the room.

A couple of minutes later there was a great thumping and bumping on the stairs and he reappeared, dragging his wardrobe trunk into the apartment. "We can put this in the bedroom closet and use it for a storage chest," he puffed. "Matter of fact, I don't think there'll be room for it in the garage anyway, after I get my work bench installed."

"That huge thing won't fit in there," Janie wailed.

"Sure it will," Dean said confidently. "Let's see." He strode into the bedroom and wrenched open the closet door. "It'll fit if you put this thing somewhere else," he announced, backing out with a bulging full-length garment bag.

"But those are my winter coats!"

"Well, chuck 'em in the trunk, along with a lot of other things."

"This bag has already been mothproofed," Janie protested, with the vehemence of a person who's beginning to feel pushed around.

For a moment Dean looked baffled. Then he plopped the bag on the couch and put his arms around her. "This housekeeping business is pretty complicated, isn't it?" he teased fondly. "But, honey, together, we can lick any problem in the world." He gave her a quick hug and started out of the room. "I'm going down to get the rest of the boxes," he called back. "Why don't you take the coats back to your mother's for awhile? It'll be months before you'll need 'em."

"Men!" Janie groaned. For the first time since about the age of twelve, she felt a sweeping exasperation for the whole male sex.

WHEN Dean came back into the room she took a deep breath. "Let's finish up the kitchen," she said doggedly, moving over toward a carton of pans. "Can you carry this last box of stuff out there?"

"Sure thing," Dan agreed. He picked up the box with one hand and pushed open the swinging door

with the other. "Say," he exclaimed as he stared around the bright, yellow-walled room. "I can keep my photo-developing gear in this top cupboard. With running water and all," he turned on the tap, "the kitchen will do for a dark room!"

Janie smiled, a frigid, set smile which should have frozen the dripping water into an icicle. "There's always the chance," she said acidly, "that I might open a can of Hypo for supper some night."

"No, you won't," Dean answered seriously. "Because I'm going to show you what all the stuff is, and how to use it. It'll be fun having an assistant." He lifted an eyebrow and grinned at her. "Interesting possibilities here — two people like us in a dark room together . . . ." He started towards her.

"Oh, go away!" Janie burst out crossly. She could feel the tears coming into her eyes.

Dean was still standing close to her, a puzzled expression on his face. "Janie . . ." he began uncertainly.

"I don't want to know how to develop pictures," Janie almost shouted. "I don't even know whether I want to . . . ." She stopped, horrified at what she'd been about to say. Now she was sure she was going to cry. It would have been such a comfort to lay her head against Dean's solid shoulder and have it out. But, no, she couldn't very well do that when he was the cause of it . . . .

"I'm all mixed up," she finished lamely. "Just leave me alone."

"All right, Janie," Dean said quietly. "I know you're tired. I'll go clean up the living room." He went out, letting the door swing shut after him with a definite ph-lupp.

Through her tears, Janie stared up at the high cupboard. "It'll be fun having an assistant," she echoed under her breath.

She saw herself mixing his Hypo for him, dusting his rocks, spending lonely hours upstairs while he banged around at his work bench in the garage below. Perhaps he's getting married just so he'll have a place to park his junk, she thought wildly.

Right then and there she knew she had to have it out with him.

She gave the swinging door a violent push. It gave an inch or two and then refused to budge. She pushed harder, to no avail.

"Dean," she called in a panic. "This door — it won't open."

"Wait a minute," Dean answered soothingly from the other side. "Guess I put one too many under the rug here."

She heard a shuffling noise.

"Now try it," he told her.

JANIE gave a determined push and practically fell into the living room. Dean was down on his hands and knees rolling up a brightly colored sheet of heavy paper.

"One too many what?" Janie exploded.

"Maps," Dean said briefly. "This one's of Central Europe, with boundaries as they were in 1870. Temporarily, we can store them flat under the rugs."

"Of all the crazy things . . . ."

"Mom had wall-to-wall carpeting all over the house," Dean went on

disgustedly. "So I had to keep my maps folded up. But here in our own place," his face brightened, "we'll keep things the way they should be kept." He crawled over to the other side of the rug. "Maybe I can get this one under this side," he muttered.

Things the way they should be kept! Janie, breathing hard, looked over at the blanket drawer full of rocks, through the open bedroom door at the big black trunk jammed into the closet, and then down at the bulging rug.

Suddenly, staring at the floor, her eyes focused on the front page of an old newspaper in which one of the maps had been wrapped. "Playboy Sued for Divorce," the headlines screamed.

Feeling, at this moment, an uncomfortably personal interest in marital problems, she leaned over to read the finer type. "Out every night," the article went on. "Returning home in the wee hours. No interests at home, although he gave his wife his complete and devoted attention at first . . . ."

Janie stopped reading and slowly straightened up. She looked over at Dean, still busily fussing with that map. She tried to visualize him bored with life, going out on the town for excitement. The picture just wouldn't come into focus. All she could see was her husband happily puttering around with some prints in a blacked-out kitchen — and, yes, Janie, herself, handing him the Hypo. She laughed shakily.

Dean looked over at her. "It does seem kind of silly, stuffing the maps under here," he conceded. "But it won't be for long, honey. We have a lot of cozy evenings coming up; we'll get around to framing them soon. All right?" He smiled beseechingly.

All at once Janie felt the panic in her being washed away by a warm, enveloping wave of tolerance and tenderness. She walked quickly across the room to Dean and dropped down beside him. "Yes, darling," she said happily, as his arms opened to receive her, "everything's all right."

The Kingbird

Ethel Jacobson

His court is the orchard on the hill,
  His throne is a peach-tree bough;
A ruby winks from the sable crown
  That graces his royal brow.
In robes of velvet, ermine-trimmed,
  He watches with lively eye
Over his feathered colony,
  Watches the wide blue sky
That no marauding hawk or crow
  May swoop with threatening wing
While a small bird sits on a peach-tree bough,
  A guardian and a king!

Willard Luce

MONTEZUMA WELL, ARIZONA

Alternate 89

Willard Luce

RUNNING between Flagstaff and Prescott, Arizona, Alternate 89 presents interesting scenery, including colorful Oak Creek Canyon, three important Indian ruins — Montezuma Well, Montezuma Castle, and Tuzigoot— the mining town of Jerome, and Granite Dells.

Alternate 89 has certain disadvantages, as much of it is through low country, which is blistering hot in summer; and a lot of it is mountainous, with steep grades and sharp curves, making it a slow road.

Flagstaff is in high, big-timber country, and the first thirteen and a half miles of alternate 89 wind through huge growths of Ponderosa, Douglas fir, and quaking aspen. Then the road comes to Lookout Point, 2000 feet above Oak Creek. On both sides, the walls of Oak Creek Canyon are timber covered with the white and red of the Coconino sandstone showing through the deep green of the timber. Far below, Oak Creek and the highway

become lost beneath the dense covering of pine, sycamore, and aspen.

Sedona, located at the mouth of Oak Creek Canyon, is a tourist and movie production center. Here the sandstone formations are more individualistic, more easily photographed and more spectacular.

Seventeen miles from Sedona a paved road leaves Alternate 89, taking you to the two sections of Montezuma Castle National Monument.

Montezuma Well looks like a miniature volcanic crater with a small lake inside. Around the ledge between the top of the crater and the water, are several cliff dwellings. Montezuma Well is actually a spring which pours out 1,000 gallons of water every minute. Today, even as 800 years ago, the water is used for irrigation. By the museum, ancient irrigation ditches are coated with lime.

Montezuma Castle is well preserved and beautifully located high up on the cream and buff-colored limestone ledge facing Beaver Creek.

Back on Alternate 89, your next stop will be at Tuzigoot, a pueblo-like fort of 110 rooms. Tuzigoot faces the Verde River from a hill a few miles south of Clarkdale.

Six miles and 1100 feet up Min-

Willard Luce

TUZIGOOT NATIONAL MONUMENT NEAR CLARKDALE, ARIZONA

Willard Luce

GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, PIONEER SQUARE, PRESCOTT, ARIZONA

Prescott was the first territorial capital of Arizona. The Governor's House was built in 1864. To the right is a corner of the Sharlot Hall Museum. In the foreground are Indian and pioneer grindstones and millstones.

gus Mountain from Clarkdale is Jerome, now advertised as Arizona's newest ghost town. A quarter of a century ago it boasted a population of 15,000; today there are only a few hundred people left. Since 1925 Jerome has been slipping down Mingus Mountain at the rate of about four and a half inches per year. Huge cracks have appeared in the earth, and small buildings have been condemned and torn down.

From Jerome, Alternate 89 climbs on up through the different zones of plant life, until it finally reaches big timber again, coming to an elevation of 7,029. From here the highway drops once more. It crosses Chino Valley and rejoins U. S. 89 at Granite Dells.

The Dells is a jumble of granite boulders and mounds, scrambled up in a haphazard manner to form a gigantic rock garden. Huge shade trees line Granite Creek and the man-made pools which are used for boating, fishing, and swimming. Beneath the trees are picnicking tables.

You are now back on U. S. 89. Whichever way you are going, it is interesting to drive the six miles southward to Prescott, first territorial capital of Arizona.

Here at Pioneer Square is the old Governor's House, a long structure built in 1864, now a museum housing a collection of household utensils, firearms, and furniture. Back of the Governor's House is the Sharlot Hall Museum, which houses a library of pioneer printed material. Two log cabins stand on Pioneer Square, one a replica of a pioneer home, the other, a reproduction of the first cabin in Prescott.

Well, there it is, Alternate 89, an interest filled ninety-two miles—plus a little extra for side trips.

Happiness Now

Wilma Boyle Bunker

TOO many of us are guilty of postponing our happiness until the future. Too many of us say, "Tomorrow I will do some of the things I would like to do today."

If we are ever to enjoy life, now is the time, not tomorrow, not next year, nor in some future life . . . . Today should be our most wonderful day.

We can find time to read; we can study music; we can take the children on a picnic or try out a new recipe; we can try to learn to mold a clay ballerina or write a sonnet. Are we so practical that we forget to dream? Are we so absorbed in making a living or running a home or saving a dollar that we cease to invest in our dreams?

It is important that we plan for the days to come, that we prepare as best we can for the future, but if we wait to enjoy life until we think everything is in order, we may find it is too late.

Time has struck off yesterday; tomorrow as yet does not exist; we are sure only of today, so let us find our happiness now, this day, this hour.

Sacred Ground

Ida Isaacson

Sacred, gull-laden land,
With breath of mint and grass.
What shall I leave thee,
When I pass?

My footfall is so light,
Will no trace or print be found?
Tell those who follow after
That I loved this sacred ground.

Vernessa M. Nagle

ASPENS, NEAR THE SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS, ARIZONA

The Aspen Grove

Vernessa Miller Nagle

AN aspen grove in spring symbolizes the eternal pattern of rebirth. As bare, angular limbs show green under dark bark, the prophecy of life renewed is manifest.

Dignity in adaptation is signified in an aspen grove in summer. Here is yielding, yet purposeful adjustment, a reaching for the heights. Pliant leaves catching the breeze, never still on the quietest of summer days, symbolize life's constant unrest, as they become attuned with a throbbing world.

Life's fruition is seen in the blending of riotous coloring of an aspen grove in fall. Flaming beauty represents achievement crowned in glory. Lavish with their gifts, aspen trees of burnished hues toss riotous grandeur in a gesture of accomplishment.

Stripped of rampant beauty, there remains dignity of age in a winter aspen grove. Beauty is found in silver filigree. Here is resignation without compromise. Unbowed, with roots secure, life's benediction comes in the peace and quiet of winter's sunset hour.

There Is Still Time

Chapter 3

Margery S. Stewart

Synopsis: Elizabeth Anderson is disturbed by a strange dream in which she sees herself and her friends walking on crutches. She tells the dream to Brent, her husband, and explains to him that something is lacking in their family — a spiritual oneness. Brent, however, is so interested in making money that he does not wish to understand Elizabeth's plea. Brent receives a letter from his brother David requesting that Brent take their mother into his home. Elizabeth surprises her husband and children by insisting that Grandmother Anderson is welcome to come and live with them, but after the Grandmother arrives, Elizabeth realizes that living with her will not be easy.

GRANDMA Anderson was not to be awed by the size of the house, nor the swimming pool.

"Seems to me some people could make better use of their money," she sniffed.

She met Matilda head up, flags flying. Elizabeth shuddered at the covert measuring glance that passed between the two. Grandma Anderson sniffed the air. "Apple pie as I live and breathe." She took a deeper breath, and triumph lighted her face. "Too much cinnamon."

Elizabeth flung herself into the breach. "Just the way I like apple pie."

"There's them as like apple pie spicy, and there's them as likes apple pie baby like," said Matilda gently. "Next time I'll bake one special, just for you."

Elizabeth shot her a glance of gratitude and turned Grandma Anderson to the stairs. In the room that was to be hers, Grandma Anderson was abruptly silent. She touched the satin headboard of the bed with gentle hands, "Pretty, isn't it?" She sat down in the little padded rocking chair and closed her eyes.

"You have your own private balcony," Elizabeth said. She flung open the French doors. "You can watch it get morning from your bed."

Grandma Anderson's eyes flew open. "Spend the morning in bed! Not I, let me tell you. I've spent my whole life getting up at five, and I don't expect to change for anyone."

"Brent likes to sleep until seven," Elizabeth interpolated gently.

"Picked up that lazy habit since his marriage. Believe me, when he was home with me, he was up at five just like the rest of us. I remember how he hated it . . . one time . . . ."

"Seven," repeated Elizabeth firmly. "Now, this is your castle. No one can come in at all, except with your permission."

". . . So I told him then, 'Son,' I said, 'as long as you are under my roof . . . .'" She stopped short, digested her own words, gave Elizabeth a sudden, rueful, understanding smile. "Seven, it is."

Elizabeth smiled back. "Would you like to rest until lunch time,

and then we'll get after those flowers?"

"Mind you don't cut them now. Seems to me I remember once you cut flowers and didn't put them right into water . . . ."

"I'll wait," said Elizabeth meekly, and closed the door. She thought of the evening ahead and apprehension gripped her.

THE dinner had been arranged for twelve people. Grandma Anderson's coming made it thirteen. Brent fussed and worried about this until Elizabeth solved the situation by having Elaine join them. Elaine was sulky about it, dreading the boredom of older people.

Grandma Anderson came down just as the guests were arriving. She looked small and frail and quaint in the voile dress with its crocheted collar and the big broach at her throat. She beamed on each new guest and shook hands heartily.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Ames." She peered up into his flushed, heavy face. "You certainly remind me of a man back home . . . Olaf Swenson, the butcher . . . ."

"Mother!" Brent's voice was sharp. He glared at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth pretended not to notice. She hurried the women away to dispose of their wraps. When she returned, Grandma Anderson was happily regaling the still purple Mr. Ames with the hardships of life in a small town in the early nineteen hundreds. Mr. Ames fidgeted. Brent looked ill. Elizabeth heard her own voice getting edgy as she tried to smooth over one ill-timed remark after another of Brent's mother.

The evening finally ended. Upstairs in their bedroom, Brent jerked off his tie savagely. "That settles it. That definitely settles it. A rest home. I'll go find one tomorrow."

"No." Elizabeth leaned her elbows on her dressing table, rested her face in her palms. "You didn't see her eyes this morning when she saw her room, like a child's on Christmas. We can't do it." She brushed her hair furiously. "I shared her opinion of Mr. Ames." She turned to Brent. "I like your mother, Brent. She's like a nice cold wind from Beaver blowing away a lot of dust."

Brent threw down his shirt. "She isn't your mother. She's mine."

"She's ours. She is my responsibility just as much as she is yours. Oh, Brent, it's just because we haven't learned how to handle the situation. If we're wise we'll settle it without sending her away. That's defeat."

"We can't ask anyone here."

"I'll think of some way, one or two nights a week, she might prefer a movie with the twins or Elaine."

"She'll want to go with us everywhere."

"I'll take her with me and the children."

"Matilda will quit."

"Let her."

Elizabeth looked at Brent. He was in the wrong and he knew it, and he was trying furiously to push her into a corner. Helplessness swept her. Their lives seemed to get more tangled and complicated every day.

"What's changing you?" Brent demanded. "You never used to be like this."

She went to the window, looked out into the night. "Remember the fun we had when we were youngsters, going to Church all the time. You used to be a whiz in basketball. Remember?"

Brent came to stand beside her. "Donna told me about the Bible reading and the prayers. I think that's fine, Eliza. A very good idea."

She rubbed her face against his shoulder. "It's making such a difference. There's more unity than we used to have. Of course, some mornings they seem bored to tears, but again on another day they want to talk about things for hours." She smiled at him. "Are you ready to join us, Brent? It would make us very happy, me especially."

Brent turned away. "I had Church rammed down my throat when I was a kid."

"We won't ram anything into you, Brent."

He shrugged restlessly. "I've got too much on my mind. It's all right for you and the kids. Help yourselves. But count me out." He smiled warmly. "Don't get me wrong. I believe in things. Let's leave it at that."

Against her own better judgment, Elizabeth pressed him. "It's so late, Brent. We've wasted so much time. It takes time, believe me, to grow into the kind of person *he* would have us be."

He flung back the covers and slipped into bed. "I'm worn out. We'll continue this discussion next Michaelmas, how about it?" He turned on his stomach. "I'll look for a rest home in the morning."

Elizabeth turned back to the window, snapping off the lamp on her way. The gentle darkness fell around her, hiding her face, her closed eyes, and the tense moving of her lips. Please, let there be some way to keep Grandma Anderson. She needs more than room, more than food, she needs her own around her, to be a part of living.

ELIZABETH was awakened at two in the morning by the sound of moaning from Grandma Anderson's room. She rose and ran across the hall.

"It's my chest," Grandma Anderson panted. "Hurts something awful . . . something I ate . . . that apple pie . . . too spicy."

"Shh." Elizabeth tried to stop the steady flow of words. She was terrified by the whiteness of Grandma Anderson's face and the blueness of her lips and eyelids. She hurried downstairs and called the doctor, brought up warm water and soda, woke Brent.

The doctor came after an interminable wait. Elizabeth watched tensely as he listened, probed, listened again, his face calm, but his movements hurried as he pressed a needle into Grandma Anderson's arm.

After a long time he snapped his bag shut, picked it up and motioned Elizabeth and Brent out of the room. They followed him downstairs.

"She's a very old, little lady," he said, bluntly, "with a heart that should have failed her a long time ago. Keep her happy, keep her mind occupied." He looked at Elizabeth searchingly. "Right now she's going to need nursing, careful, cheerful nursing. Nurses are rather

scarce, but perhaps I can find one for you."

"I can do it," Elizabeth said firmly. "The children will help me. I'll do the best job I can."

After Brent had seen the doctor to the door he came back to stand before Elizabeth. "Call me any name you like," he said heavily, "I'll admit I'd fit into any of them."

"You just didn't understand, Brent. You just didn't think."

He came to her, buried his face in her hair. "Sometimes I feel that I'm a thousand miles from my base. Help me find my way back."

"You'll find it, Brent. We all will, if we try hard enough."

He tightened his grip on her. "It's going to be rough on you. She'll make an exacting invalid."

"So it's rough," Elizabeth smiled ruefully. "I'm beginning to believe that a smooth passage isn't always the best . . . many storms make a good sailor."

"You made that up," he accused her.

She laughed, "Perhaps I'm going to grow old like other ladies I've seen and bring out my conclusions like mints out of a pocketbook."

"Pop them into people's minds?" He held her closer. "You're funny and sweet, and I don't know which is the mostest, as Donna would say."

She rested against him for a moment, glad for his stocky strength. "I'd better run up and start working at my job."

Grandma Anderson opened heavy eyes, the drugs were taking effect. "I knew it. The minute I laid eyes on this little room I knew I'd never get to stay. First I thought you'd send me away, like David's wife . . . but I never figured on this."

Elizabeth sat in the little rocker. "You're going to have this little room until you can't stand the sight of it. It's your room, as long as you want it. You're part of our family like Donna is part, or Johnny, or Jennie."

"Part of your family?" Grandma Anderson closed her eyes on a deep breath. "I haven't felt part of a family since my husband Jim died." Her mouth twisted. "Not that some of it isn't my fault. I have the finest family . . . ."

IT was a long, bitter battle. There were nights when Elizabeth, sitting in the rocker in the small hours of the night, felt death, like fog creep icily through the room.

Grandma Anderson was impatient and querulous. "I just don't see why the doctor can't do something for me. No doctor like Doctor Davidson in Beaver. Is it time for my medicine? I declare, if I don't remind you every minute, you'll up and forget."

"It won't be time for your medicine for another hour, try to sleep."

"In this bed! It's too soft one minute . . . too hard the next, not enough room. Slept all my life in a double bed . . . ." On and on it went.

Elaine was the one who became almost a right hand to Elizabeth. Elaine, who, tender and gentle, helped to bathe the wasted, frail body, who brought pretty trays to tempt Grandma Anderson's appetite, who came in at odd hours of the night to insist that Elizabeth get sleep.

Elizabeth dared not unburden the strain and the weariness on Brent. He had lost the bid for the tract he had set his heart on building. He was morose, easily infuriated. She endured alone.

The one bright moment in the day was the hour after breakfast when Brent had gone and the children, ready for school, knelt with her in prayer. There was intensity in their petitions. They had all fallen deeply in love with Grandma Anderson. Sometimes Elizabeth read a psalm that fell like balm on all their hearts. Sometimes she read from Proverbs, and they eyed each other uneasily as the piercing truths touched a tender spot.

They began to go to Sunday School. Elizabeth found herself looking forward to Sunday mornings, to the joy that would sweep over her when she saw her children in their places, to the nostalgia when she heard her children singing the songs she had loved as a child. Sacrament services began to be a part of their lives. The children made friends easily. Elaine was soon the center of admiring boys and girls, but Elizabeth felt herself utterly alone. She missed Brent so much on these Sunday evenings that she felt he might well be in Singapore or Egypt, for the gulf between them and the pain of it.

But he would have none of it. "I don't have the time, Elizabeth. I'm having rough going with that bid I lost and a few other things."

"But we have enough."

"There's never enough. There's always a quota to exceed or keep even with, if a man wants to get ahead."

She fled from his pride to the childish murmurings of Donna or to the twins' world of Indians, cowboys, and ships from outer space.

(To be continued)

April-Fingered

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

For centuries, the spindrift and the sand
Possessed the beach, worn bare beneath the sky,
Parched by incessant sun, a desert land
Alone with breakers and the curlew's cry.

Then, someone, April-fingered, found a moss
That clung to creeping sand and held it still
Inured to drought and restless waves that toss
Their spume in anger at the weather's will.

Now beauty lies in robes that dawn might wear;
Pink-petaled loveliness erased the dun.
First green and then a million blooms were there
And iridescent wings reflecting sun.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Rita H. Stone

SAMOAN MISSION, PESEGA DISTRICT, MOTOOTUA AND NAVU BRANCHES BAZAAR

Rita H. Stone, President, Samoan Mission Relief Society, stands beside one of the booths of this successful bazaar.

Sister Stone reports: "The women had made hot pads, children's clothing, and pillows; they had block-printed native designs on materials to be used for dresses and shirts, and had also made luncheon cloths and napkins and various other articles. The booth in the picture was made from a few sticks and poles decorated with leaves from the coconut trees. It was very unique and picturesque. I am very happy with the progress made in our Relief Societies. Our Singing Mothers groups are growing also."

Photograph submitted by Ruth Stapley

PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, January 15, 1956

Rowena Root, the chorister, stands in front at the right (in dark dress); Joanna Reismann, the organist, stands near the organ, at the left; just above, and at Sister Reismann's left, is Permella Hoggard, First Counselor; at Sister Hoggard's left is Ruth Stapley, President, Phoenix Stake Relief Society.

Sixty-five Singing Mothers sang in this chorus for two sessions of the stake conference.

Photograph submitted by Amanda Hancock

YOUNG STAKE (NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

November 20, 1955

Grace B. Wilson, chorister, stands at the right in the second row; at Sister Wilson's right is Beth Christensen, stake organist. Pianist for the occasion, Joan Elliot, stands at the left on the second row.

Helen M. Stock, President, Young Stake Relief Society, reports that although the members of this chorus live in widely scattered localities, and their practicing was limited to one session, their singing was most beautiful.

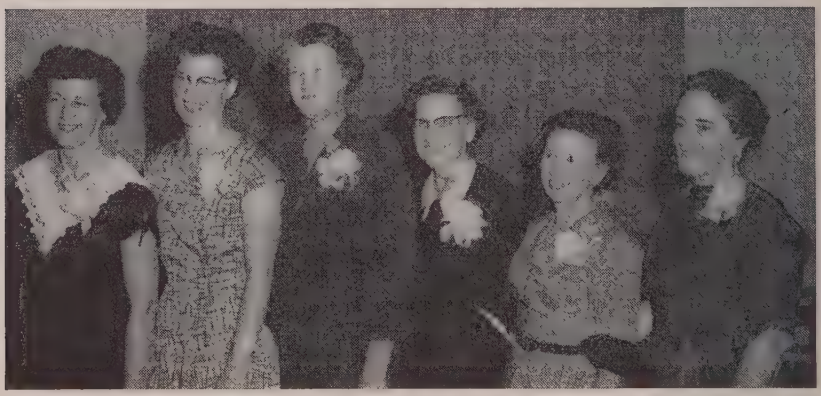
Photograph submitted by Verma B. James

EAST PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA) VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION
November 16, 1955

Stake officers and teachers seated on the floor, left to right: fourth from the left (in dark jumper and white blouse), Betty Rice, organist; Carol Gleove, social science class leader; Carma Merrill, Second Counselor; Maggie Barra, work meeting leader; Hazel Nelson, theology class leader; Verma James, Secretary; Lola Green, President; Reba Bryce, First Counselor.

Second row, seated, third from the left: Cora Mack, *Magazine* representative.

These visiting teachers represent seven wards. To honor them, an inspirational program and testimonial was held, and the oldest visiting teacher was recognized and presented with a gift.



Photograph submitted by Orena E. Hoover

UTAH STAKE, PARK WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS
FORMER PRESIDENTS, December 1955

Left to right: Mildred M. Egan, present President; former presidents: Reva Thomas; Eva Weitzeil; Vera Hunter; Josephine Clark; Ada Dalebout.

"The Park Ward celebrated its tenth anniversary in December 1955, and at this time the Relief Society held a delightful party honoring the past presidents. Each president and counselor related an interesting or amusing incident which happened during the time she was in office.

"Park Ward was the first ward in the stake to contribute its share to the building fund for the new Relief Society Building . . . . They obtained their funds by serving banquets to various organizations, among them, the National Governors Convention in 1947 at Aspen Grove, where governors from all the states enjoyed a lovely dinner in the open air, near majestic Mount Timpanogos. They expressed their appreciation for a delicious meal so efficiently served to nearly three hundred people in just twenty minutes, enabling them to keep their schedule on their tour. It was a memorable occasion for all. The Relief Society continued their dinner projects and furnished the Relief Society room and kitchen of the beautiful new chapel which they are now enjoying."

Orena E. Hoover is president of Utah Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Aliene N. Bloxham

HUMBOLDT STAKE (NEVADA), BATTLE MOUNTAIN BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZED, January 29, 1956

Front row, seated, left to right: Thelma Welch, Secretary; Marva Elquist, Second Counselor; Louise Sellers, President; Joan Swackhammer, First Counselor.

Second row, seated, left to right: Marvelle Edgar; Lillian Potter; Dorothy Sargent; Zelma Keel.

Back row, standing, left to right: Alice Hyde; Leola Edgar; Mary Littledyke, Second Counselor, Humboldt Stake Relief Society; Alta Sorensen, First Counselor, Humboldt Stake Relief Society; Aliene N. Bloxham, President, Humboldt Stake Relief Society; Elder Emerson H. Potter, President, Battle Mountain Branch.

Sister Bloxham reports satisfaction and happiness in the organization of this branch Relief Society: "I am happy to report the newly organized Relief Society of the Battle Mountain Branch. We were fortunate in having all our stake presidency there. The stake Relief Society executives were there also, except for the secretary. The spirit of th Lord was surely with us, and we felt the power of the Priesthood. There are between thirty and thirty-five women living in the area and we are in hopes of having them as members of our Relief Society."

Photograph submitted by Betty Jo C. Reiser

ROSE PARK STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) PRESENTS DRAMA "RIDERS TO THE SEA"

The cast, left to right: Bartley—Dan Monson; Nora—Marion Huston; Maurya—Ione Tippetts; Cathleen—Beverly Berntsen.

President Betty Jo C. Reiser, reports: "John Millington Synge's 'Riders to the Sea,' a part of the December literature lesson, rated special treatment in the new Rose Park Stake, with a full production under the direction of Verda Mae Christensen, stake literature class leader. It rated special praises, too, from the two hundred Relief Society women from the five Rose Park wards attending. Sister Christensen had her first experience in directing a play cast primarily of adult women — loyal Relief Society women — and reports it was a most wonderful group. Sister Ione Tippetts, who played Maurya, has seven children under thirteen years of age. Sister Marion Huston, who played Nora, has six children in the same age group. Other members of the cast each has three children. And it was the busy pre-Christmas season. Yet the play left nothing to be desired in the way of finesse, dramatic strength, and theatrical polish. The Lord has truly blessed the sisters in Rose Park Stake to be able to accomplish such things while they are rearing their families, at a time when they feel they most need the blessings of Relief Society work. Sister Christensen was assisted by the ward literature class leaders: Doris Shutt, Dorothy Evans, Mildred Keyes, and Margaret England."

Palomino

Maude Rubin

With Chloe, the buckskin mare, progress was slow . . . .
She hated the word, "Giddap!"—Much preferred "Whoa!"
Sedately she trotted or ambled or paced—
Never excited; no, she never raced!
A yen for green pastures would often assail her.
But her daughter, a blonde, gets there in a trailer!

New Vistas

Jennie Brown Rawlins

"Here, you ride him, Auntie," invited my young niece, who was proudly showing off her new pony.

"No, no, dear," I remonstrated quickly. "Auntie doesn't care about riding horses any more."

Then, remembering the days when riding a pony over the smooth, rolling hills had been the epitome of joy to me, I experienced a feeling of nostalgic sadness. I recalled that there were several other hobbies and pastimes that used to fill me with deep-souled delight that I no longer enjoyed. There were dishes that used to tickle my palate that somehow seemed now to have lost their savor. I kept thinking of a line from a poem: "My straw no longer bends in colored water." It's true, I said to myself, as we grow older we no longer greet life with such youthful exuberance. Our senses are not as perceptive to the keen enjoyment of things.

There followed a series of events that proved how wrong I was. During the summer months I was invited to join a group that was planning to attend a course at the college. With slight feelings of guilt about robbing my family (the youngest of whom was twelve) of so much of my time, I hesitated, until reminded that it would be a wonderful opportunity for them to learn to accept responsibility.

The instructor had a dynamic personality, and was full of fresh, new ideas, and, without being asked, answered many of the questions that I had been pondering in my heart. It was like a gift that you appreciate all the more because you have experienced a need for it. I do not remember ever having enjoyed a course so much in my younger days.

That winter we went on a trip and revisited some of the places I had visited as a girl. This time it was not the zoo and amusement parks that intrigued me so much as the museums and art galleries—

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places I had considered stodgy and dull in my youth.

I began studying my Relief Society lessons more carefully, taking renewed pleasure in them as I did so. I even did some extracurricular reading in the field of literature. The characters in *David Copperfield* and *Wuthering Heights* became more humanly appealing when seen through the spectrum of experience, and poems that I had recited parrot-like in school suddenly blossomed with exciting shades of meaning.

A neighbor of mine is starting an heirloom quilt—a thing she admits she would not have had the patience to undertake when she was twenty. Another neighbor gets great satisfaction out of gathering genealogical data—a project for which she says she has had little time or inclination until recently.

I must not fail to mention the soul-permeating joy that comes from service to others, and from becoming acquainted with the beautiful truths of the gospel—a joy that maturity but enhances.

Yes, new vistas are continually opening up before us. How foolish we are if we keep our eyes glued only to the old.

Circle

Catherine E. Berry

The blue-gray twilight stretches now
Across the hills of night,
And windows of each little house
Are blossoming with light.
Tired husbands open waiting gates,
And children straggle home,
The homing instinct conquering
The primal urge to roam.

Beneath each small and sturdy roof
Are gathering the clan,
The need for food and light and warmth,
Instinctive in each man,
Has pushed the night beyond the door,
Beyond each window pane,
And drawn the circle in and made
It safe, complete, again.

To the Relief Society Visiting Teachers

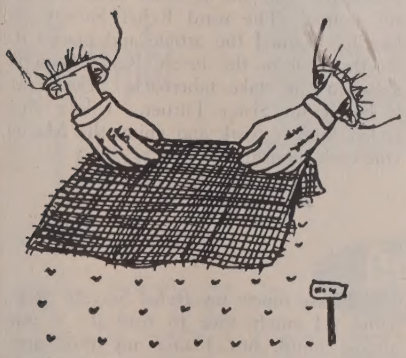
Hazel Jones Owen

Perhaps you think the task is small
Which you've been called to do,
But what's important is the fact
So much depends on you.

A tiny little mustard seed
Has power truly great;
It takes a little thing like love
To banish fear and hate.

It takes perfected detail
To make a masterpiece in art;
Small things in a mighty building
Must play a major part.

The little tasks, the kindly deeds,
The world may not applaud . . . .
But it's the scope of all the little things
That shows the greatness of our God!



A Use for Old Screens

Elizabeth Williamson

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From Near and Far

The *Magazine* is always a great pleasure to me, from its beautiful and artistic cover design to the very last page, with its delightful messages "From Near and Far." The inspiring address by President J. Reuben Clark Jr. in the December issue brought joy and peace to my soul and added desire in my heart to live the teachings of our glorious gospel. That discussion of "Children in the Scriptures" is of such value and interest and gives us the Lord's instructions regarding children. These universal laws that are as applicable now as when they were first written are given with such an interesting insight into our lives today. I was particularly impressed with the words of the great prophet Alma when he said: ". . . little children do have words given to them many times, which confound the wise and the learned." It is my prayer that every subscriber to the *Magazine* will read this inspirational message and profit from its teachings. The frontispiece picture "New England Winter" and the winter scene "Brook in Winter" are marvelous examples of photographic art. I am thrilled with their loveliness.

—Mrs. Emma M. Gardner
Sacramento, California

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for *The Relief Society Magazine* and its wonderful articles. I am the branch president in the West Hartlepool Branch. Several months ago I found it necessary to take the position of teacher in Relief Society, and, without this wonderful *Magazine* to help me, I am sure I would have been lost. My mother is president of the Richards Ward Relief Society in Sugar House Stake, and she has arranged to have *The Relief Society Magazine* sent to me. I have been reading it every month for sixteen months, and I have really enjoyed it. The sisters of the British Mission will agree with me when I say that *The Relief Society Magazine* is the best *Magazine* of its kind in the whole world.

—Elder Marvin Lee Howard
West Hartlepool Branch
British Mission

I enjoy reading the *Magazine* very much. At present I am finding very fine reading in the January number. How lovely and very much worthwhile are the prize-winning poems and the story! I recall, in reading them, the thrill our family received when we saw mother's picture and poem "Barren Woman's Cry" in the *Magazine* (January 1952) and learned she had placed third. She had kept the news from us, and we were completely surprised. I am happy to see poems by Agnes Just Reid, also. She lives near here and is a very nice person. I teach one of her grandchildren.

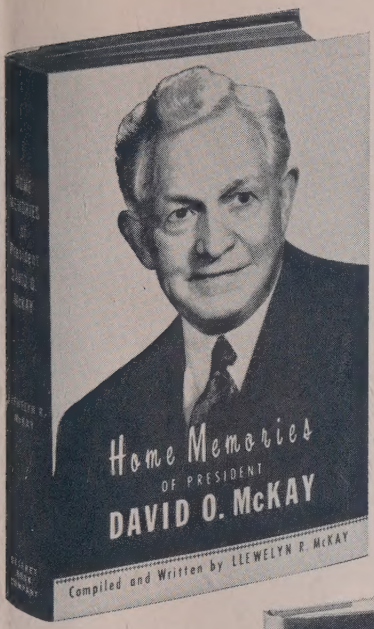
—Joyce Atkinson
Firth, Idaho

I want to thank you kindly for publishing the article which I sent you "Reba Turner — Lady of Charity" (January 1956). Sister Turner is happy about it, and she has received many telephone calls and letters from sisters in other wards whom she doesn't know — which is very wonderful, and she is most deserving of the honor. The ward Relief Society at Loa has framed the article and placed it on the wall in the lovely Relief Society room in the stake tabernacle. Everyone is happy for Sister Turner. I love the Relief Society work and enjoy the *Magazine* each month.

—Nell Ekker
Loa, Utah

Please renew my *Relief Society Magazine*. I surely love to read it. I am almost blind, but I take my time and take great pleasure in looking at the lovely faces. I love my Church. I am eighty years old and crippled, but my sisters come and take me to Church — it is a lovely home of the Lord. Happy New Year to all the sisters in Relief Society. I go whenever I am able, and hope some day I may meet you all.

—Ollie D. Young
Chico, California



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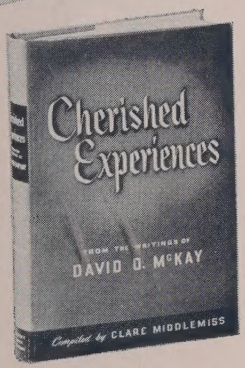

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